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A QUARTERLY FOR THE INDEPENDENT THINKER

Spring • 1952

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Christian Gauss

THROUGH ALL THE MANY TRIBUTES printed after the death of Christian Gauss runs one refrain. Almost without exception, there is reference to his courage in support of unpopular causes in which he believed and—if only by subsequent inference—his integrity. I should like to explore what seems to me the precise nature of that courage and that integrity.

Since I knew him for only eight years, there are probably others who are much better qualified to pursue such an exploration. Yet I had the opportunity, during those years, to see him fairly often in the act of having to make a difficult decision, and I have a very vivid memory of those times.

Invariably, he would listen in silence to the account of the problem and consider the choices that lay before him. Invariably, when those present had finished what they had to say, and sat there, waiting in some eagerness for him to speak, he would break his silence with a sigh.

After three or four such occasions, that heavy sigh became for me a symbol. A symbol, all at once, of genuine reluctance, genuine integrity, a genuine sense of responsibility. Christian Gauss was a gentle and peace-loving man. He had none of that indiscriminate, suspect zeal of the professional "do-gooder," none of the pride of those who seem to be proving something to themselves when they "stand up to be counted." He had (to the best of my knowledge) nothing left undiscovered that he wanted to prove to himself or to anybody else. He wished, sometimes desperately, that he might be left alone to pursue the personal interests from which he was always being called to this or that duty.

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For that was the point: he did not enjoy alienating others or taking a lonely or unpopular stand, and that heavy sigh represented all his reluctance. Yet the social duty, the responsibility of integrity, were real to him, and the sigh also meant that his decision was made.

Surely this is becoming increasingly rare in our age of specialization and organization, self-division and anxiety. Yet just as surely this is what it means to be a man: to weigh the evidence, to see clearly the disadvantages to oneself and to sigh over them, and then, with unpretentious courage and honesty, moved by an unfailing sense of man's commitment to other men and to truth, to act on the basis of what one feels to be right—the action wedded to the conviction, all of one piece.

We who loved him have lost his visible presence. If we can, even in small measure, attain to his integrity, we have not lost him.

Hiram Haydn

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Liberal Education and a Liberal Nation

ARTHUR E. BESTOR, JR.

WHEN IT IS so hard to pay for things we really desire, it is folly to pay for things we consider valueless. Yet this is what Americans appear to be doing with respect to higher education. We cheerfully send an ever-increasing proportion of the population through college and into graduate work, but we resent the university-trained man who attempts to bring his special qualifications to bear in the public service. We encourage society (which is ourselves) to pay for his education, but when it is paid for, we deny that it has any value for society in terms of either expert knowledge or maturity of judgment.

It was a magnificent thing to have offered college training at public expense to veterans, but this was rather a gesture of gratitude to the G.I. than a reaffirmation of faith in the social value of higher education. Few Americans thought of the program as a great investment in the intellectual advancement of the nation. And when the question of draft deferment for college students came up for discussion a year ago, few Americans showed that they took seriously the danger it was designed to prevent—the danger that a halt in the steady flow of men trained in the fundamental scholarly and scientific disciplines might impoverish the nation intellectually, slow down its technological progress, or weaken its leadership. In planning industrial mobilization, we insisted that there be as little impairment as possible of every resource essential for civilian life—*except* independent and original scientific investigation, fundamental

✪ ARTHUR E. BESTOR, JR., now professor of history at the University of Illinois, has taught on the faculties of Yale, Columbia, Stanford, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Northwestern Universities. His latest book, *Backwoods Utopias* (1950), received the Beveridge Award of the American Historical Association.

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scholarship and higher education. The sky was the limit on expenditures for military technology last year, but when the National Science Foundation recommended a mere fourteen million dollars for fundamental scientific research, Congress at first planned to cut the appropriation by ninety-eight per cent, and finally compromised on a sum of three and a half millions.

Having apparently ceased to believe that the fundamental disciplines of science and scholarship have any real value for society, Americans seem almost anxious for their investment in higher education to be wasted. They furnish funds from gifts and taxes, and then, as alumni or citizens, demand in return for their support the kind of commercialized campus athletics that is steadily corrupting and even wrecking the educational institutions they have built. It is as if they bought shares in a factory and then, as stockholders, forced the management to turn the assembly line into a steeplechase.

We are willing to waste not only our material resources, but even the most precious of our human ones. We will make heavy sacrifices to send our children to college, but we will not be bothered with urging them to take seriously the intellectual tasks involved. We are happy to play Santa Claus by indulging them in a good time, and we never dream we are shirking parental responsibility if we smilingly acquiesce when our sons rate extra-curricular frivolities higher than serious academic effort, or when our daughters insist that the college's most important diploma is one to be worn on the third finger of the left hand. To put the matter bluntly, we treat higher education as something delightful but hardly meaningful to the recipient, and distinctly valueless to society. The college or university has become, to our minds, merely a respectable branch of the luxury-purveying trade. Like the club car on a passenger train, it dispenses the amenities of life to persons bound on serious errands elsewhere.

Now, public opinion is not so perverse as to adopt such a view without cause. It is not that Americans are ignorant of the traditional claims of higher education. Rather, they refuse to take these claims seriously when they witness the gap between profession and performance. This gap is not the public's fault. Responsibility for it rests squarely upon university administrators and college faculties. The former have sponsored, and the latter have tolerated, programs,

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practices and attitudes in the colleges that make a mockery of the ideal of liberal education. Given these flourishing academic heresies, the public has good reason to doubt that universities and colleges are fostering among their students that breadth of view, that critical objectivity and that balanced judgment for which higher education has supposedly stood.

The first of these heresies, and perhaps the easiest to see through, is the assumption that any kind of educational program, provided only that it adds up to the requisite number of hours, is the equal of any other as a means of liberal education. This is one of the evil legacies of the free-elective system into which the college curriculum disintegrated at the end of the nineteenth century. That curious educational cafeteria put precisely the same value on courses in the older fundamental disciplines, on courses in the newer sciences (which certainly deserved recognition), and on courses in fields that had no conceivable claim to scholarly or scientific standing.

A multitude of such pseudo-subjects were introduced, not because they could advance fundamental knowledge, but because they might prepare groups of students for certain specified jobs. A liberal education, of course, has always been a preparation for life, including the making of a livelihood. But in preparing a man for his future profession or vocation, liberal education made a fundamental distinction. With one aspect of vocational training it had as little as possible to do. To practice any profession successfully, one must know something about how the profession operates, about the ordinary situations that one must encounter from day to day, about the short cuts that are legitimate and necessary, about the human relations involved. These are the tricks of the trade, and they are learned most rapidly and effectively in actual practice. Apprenticeship, combined perhaps with a brief period of instruction, can be relied on to provide an intelligent man with what he needs in this respect. To dilute a program of liberal education with courses in matters like these, devoid as they are of intellectual content, should have remained unthinkable.

There is another reason for excluding such types of instruction—their relative ineffectiveness. The popular sneers at book-learning are not really directed at learning in the liberal sense. They result

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directly from the bumbling inefficiency shown in real life by students who have learned so-called "practical" subjects from a book, under an instructor who has perhaps never practiced the trade he purports to teach. It is not the liberally educated man who becomes a laughing stock. It is the journalism major who can't write a sentence that any editor would print, the speech major whom no one would want to listen to in a public hall, the home economics major who can't run her own house, the education major who knows less about the subject she teaches than the parents of her own pupils, the commerce major who can't carry on a business as effectively as the clerk who dropped out of high school.

Liberal education is based upon something very different from such ineffectual teaching of the tricks of a given trade. It is based on the conviction that a good teacher needs to know a great deal more than methods of teaching, a good librarian a great deal more than cataloguing and routine book selection, a good newspaperman a great deal more than the quirks of journalistic writing. And liberal education concentrates upon the great deal more. It believes that a man's real value in his profession is measured by what he brings to it over and above the knack that anyone can pick up. This is not a gratuitous assumption; it is a conclusion derived from our knowledge of what has made men useful and humane and great in the past. It is a conclusion supported by rational considerations as well, for scholarship and science are nothing else than tremendously powerful intellectual tools, applicable to the solving of the widest variety of problems, including the problems that confront a man in his public and professional life.

The debasement of higher learning began when persons who repudiated this concept of liberal study began to worm their way upward into colleges and graduate schools. An example in point can be drawn from the field of pedagogy, now usually miscalled education. Normal schools a century ago provided a necessary short cut into the teaching profession at a time when genuine standards of liberal education for teachers could not be sustained. Faced with a sharply limited period of instruction, the founders of normal schools had no choice but to pass on the tricks of the trade as effectively as they could, offering in addition such a smattering of general study

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as time would allow. There was nothing culpable in this bowing to necessity. The betrayal of liberal education occurred when these institutions were allowed to expand into four-year colleges without sloughing off their old habit of thinking in terms of mere pedagogical technique. Society had reached the point where it could demand of its future teachers a really adequate period of preparation. It expected them to be liberally educated men and women, exemplifying in their own lives the value of that knowledge and disciplined intellectual power which it was their high calling to impart to others. But both society and the teachers themselves were defrauded. Though more years of training were required, the pedagogical locusts devoured the harvest. They juggled requirements so that most of the newly allotted time had to be wasted in intellectually sterile courses in methods of teaching or in watered-down surveys of the liberal arts and sciences, surveys which offered the "content" (whatever that might mean) without the intellectual discipline.

The next downward step was the bestowing of advanced degrees in education, so-called. Printed in the university catalogue, the offerings of departments and colleges of education could be made to look like genuine graduate courses. But they lacked the two things needful: a definable body of knowledge to provide substance, and a distinctive method of investigation to serve as the basis for rigorous training in intellectual processes. Fancy terminology could not alter the fact that these supposedly advanced courses were simply dressed-up versions of the old normal school instruction in tricks of the teacher's trade. Professors of education did not offer to deepen a student's understanding of the great areas of human knowledge, nor to start him off on a disciplined quest for new solutions to fundamental intellectual problems. They did not believe in preparing him for professional activity by enlarging the store of information and insight upon which he could draw in meeting practical problems. Instead, they merely undertook to pass on to young men and women the little ingenuities that make a profession easier to practice.

When doctorates began to be offered in a field as empty of intellectual content as this, other professions and trades were encouraged to do likewise. Librarians who were also scholars were in demand, and a Ph.D. in history or English literature or economics or biology

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was a valuable added asset. But library schools soon expanded their courses in the techniques of librarianship until they were in a position to send out graduates with a doctorate in library science. But this new-fangled degree no longer signified that a man was *both* a librarian and a scholar. It meant merely that he had spent more time than his undoctored colleague in learning the tricks of the trade. The law of diminishing returns was treated as repealed, and three years of this sort of thing were considered twelve times as valuable as three months.

One occupation after another sought this dubious academic recognition—journalism (now beginning to be rechristened "mass communications"), business, physical education, hotel management and the rest. For years, responsible administrators and boards had been seeking men with disciplined intellectual training over and above their professional skill, and had learned to accept the Ph.D. as a symbol of this. A fraud—the term is not too harsh—was perpetrated upon them by these new doctorates, which signified no tested grasp of a recognized field of knowledge, no special command of the tools of intellectual investigation, no proven ability to advance science or scholarship.

Genuine professional training—as given, for example, in engineering, law and medicine—is something completely different from this. It does not replace liberal education, but builds upon it. Educational standards in these genuinely learned professions have risen steadily over the years. This has meant a constantly lengthened period of training. But how has the added time been spent? Primarily in two ways. An education in the liberal arts and sciences—the four years required for a bachelor's degree—has been made the prerequisite for admission to professional training in one after another of the leading professional schools. And more and more thorough work has been required in the basic disciplines—physiology, bacteriology, mathematics, chemistry, history, as the case might be—which the profession undertakes to apply in practice. The specialized scientific training has sometimes unduly crowded the liberal arts, but leaders of the various professions have ordinarily taken a strong stand against the sacrifice of either. And they have certainly never been tempted to ape the professional educators by frittering away precious time

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upon endless courses in bedside manner, in how to set up a law office in a small town, in the psychology of engineer-client relationships.

The contempt which the new vocationalists feel for science and scholarship is nowhere more clearly revealed than in their disregard of the varying educational requirements of different professions and occupations. If the profession of medicine requires graduate training leading to the doctorate, if fundamental research in physics requires the kind of training represented by the Ph.D., then the job of writing advertisements for the radio should have its program of graduate training culminating in a doctorate too. One is reminded of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Gondoliers," where equality was achieved by granting exalted titles to everyone, "the Lord High Bishop orthodox" ranking with "the Lord High Coachman on the box." To paraphrase a bit:

> The Ph.D. who rules the state—
> The Ph.D. who cleans the plate—
> The Ph.D. who scrubs the grate—
> They all shall equal be!

Since higher education itself is endangered by this nonsense, it is high time for scholars to declare what Emerson said it was the scholar's duty always to declare, "that a popgun is a popgun, though the ancient and honorable of the earth affirm it to be the crack of doom."

Scholarship and science are threatened today not only by outsiders to whom liberal education represents an alien ideal, but equally by men in the recognized disciplines in the colleges who misunderstand and misinterpret what it stands for. The other great heresy I wish to discuss is the notion that traditional programs of liberal education are primarily concerned with communicating information. Our quiz programs are a symptom of this widespread misconception. The fallacy can be illustrated by a difference in terminology—a difference trivial at first glance, but in the end portentous. What I have hitherto called the fundamental disciplines —history, chemistry, mathematics, philosophy and the like—have become, in the jargon of the educators, "subject-matter fields." But

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a discipline is not the same as a subject-matter field. The one is a way of thinking, the other an aggregation of facts.

The scholarly and scientific disciplines won their primacy in traditional programs of liberal education—and deserve to retain it in all sound programs—because they represent the most effective methods which men have been able to devise, through millennia of sustained effort, for liberating and then organizing the powers of the human mind. It is nonsense to say that they occupy their position in intellectual life because some clique of men have agreed to confer an arbitrary prestige upon them. The reverse is true. It is the disciplines that have conferred prestige—and more than prestige, power—upon mankind. The disciplines represent the various ways (and thus far the only ways) which man has discovered for achieving intellectual mastery and hence practical power over the various problems that confront him. He lives in a world of quantity and relationship, and he has put four thousand years of ingenuity into creating the mathematical tools with which he handles quantity and relationship. He knows that his present is influenced by his past, and through continuous trial and error he has shaped the historical techniques that provide the maximum reliable knowledge of this aspect of his environment. He works every day with matter, and he has subdued matter to his purposes by sorting out its various characteristics in his mind and eventually creating the sciences of physics and chemistry, which have grown more useful to him in proportion as they have grown more abstract and theoretical. There is nothing arbitrary or fortuitous in any of this. The older disciplines have emerged, and newer ones are emerging, as responses to man's imperious need for that wide-ranging, precise, yet generalized comprehension which means power: power over himself and over all things else.

It is this concentrated intellectual power for which the scholarly and scientific disciplines are respected. A man is educated in them that he may gain the powers which they confer. Note, however, one curious thing: to be given only the *results* of the exercise of this species of power is to be given nothing. A man may be given wealth or he may inherit social position, each the product of another's exertions, but thereafter he can exercise whatever power appertains to either. But if a man is given merely the answer to a complex

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mathematical calculation, or the narrative which results from a critical investigation of historical sources, he shares in no slightest way the power of the mathematician or the historian. Some poor inert formula, some poor inert fact, is all that is left in his hand.

Liberal education, in other words, is essentially the communication of intellectual power. That it cannot be communicated by someone who does not possess it—by a teacher who is not also a scholar—is self-evident. But neither can it be communicated by scholars and scientists if they pay too much attention in their classes to what they have learned and too little to how they learned it. Academic courses which teach men to perform mathematical computations but not to think mathematically, to manipulate laboratory apparatus but not to think scientifically, to remember dates but not to think historically, to summarize philosophical arguments but not to think critically—these advance no man toward liberal education. Courses may bear the respected labels of academic disciplines and yet be, in reality, no more than the subject-matter fields about which the educators prate. To be perfectly honest, we must admit that higher education has lost repute because so many offerings in the liberal arts and sciences have failed to provide the intellectual discipline which they promise. So much must be conceded to the various practitioners who would replace the liberal studies by a curriculum purely vocational. But the answer, surely, is not to abandon the ideal of disciplined intelligence in favor of an educational program which even on the surface offers nothing to liberate and strengthen men's minds. The answer is not to banish the scholarly and scientific disciplines but to hold them rigorously to their task.

The test of every course and of every program is the extent to which it trains a man to think for himself and at the same time to think painstakingly. Originality and rigor, imagination and discipline —these are not pairs of mutually exclusive qualities. They are qualities that must be welded together in a liberal education. The aim is expressed most broadly and clearly in the requirement laid down for the highest university degree: that a student shall make an original contribution to knowledge. I am aware of the paltry substitutes that are frequently accepted—dissertations which show merely that the candidate has read his sources or his dials faithfully, and has

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performed his critical or his statistical manipulations in approved fashion. The real questions are too rarely asked, I know, but they are at least implicit in the requirement. Has the student developed in the process of doing research the penetrating mind that will make him more than an accredited technician? Does he see the world bristling with unsolved problems: historical problems if he is an historian, biological problems if he is a biologist? Does he seize with a kind of instinct upon the ones that are crucial to the determination of even larger issues? Does his imagination range over all the possible, and even the impossible, avenues to a solution, before he selects the most promising? Having chosen, does he possess the ingenuity to construct, as they are required, the little bridges and the narrow but necessary stairways that will enable him to cross successfully the unforeseen obstacles lying between him and his destination? And does he, finally, possess the toughness of intellectual fiber to carry through a hard task to a really definitive conclusion? If the answers are affirmative, then the student has done more than make a contribution to knowledge. He has given assurance that he can think and act with power and precision when completely new problems confront him. To him has been communicated not merely factual information and craftsmanship, but intellectual discipline.

This is not the ideal of graduate instruction alone. It is, or it should be, the ideal of liberal education at every level. It can direct the first steps in instruction, and it can guide a man's quest for knowledge to the end of his life. A man whose formal education has strengthened these qualities in him is equipped for life in the present and in the future as no vocational training could possibly equip him. His is a disciplined mind. And because his mind is disciplined, the man himself is free.

To preserve freedom in the parts of the world where it still lives, we as a people are ready to make the terrible human sacrifices that military effort requires. We are willing to mobilize our industry in all its branches. We recognize the necessity, and we see with reasonable clarity the means. What we do not recognize so clearly is the necessity of producing the free men who are to rebuild and inhabit the world we seek to preserve. The disillusionment that creeps over us at times usually finds expression in the query, "What are we

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fighting for?" The answers we give are often hollow and bombastic or sentimental and trivial. Our orators preach vaguely about the democratic way of life; our advertisements describe lovingly the pleasant routines and the familiar recreations we should all be sorry to lose. But what we really need is a fervent belief in the importance of human life lived on its highest plane. Then we shall know that we are fighting for a world in which there is opportunity for the fullest development by every man and woman of his or her capacity for disciplined thought, for artistic creation, and hence for enduring satisfaction. Then we shall have faith once more in liberal education as both an indispensable means and an ultimate end.

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. . . *from* Early and Late Testament

III, 2

STANLEY BURNSHAW

On pavements wet with the misty wind of spring
We walk while our bodies burn
For places where hands of trees draw sleep from a brook
And the air is damp with fern . . .

If waters image cloud, a man can see
A heaven underneath, but if he change
To look up at the sky, let him remember
His anchorage to earth. Whoever stares
May see suddenly over blue pools of sky
Moving foam of cloud: at once his mind
Will fever for truth, for his anchorage in time,
Balancing earth and heaven in his eyes . . .
Then wakes from staring and puts back the sea
And sun in place, yet never again certain
Which eyes to trust, saying in voiceless words:

What is a man, who strides against the light:
A coat of flesh drawn on the bracing bones?
And the furled earth beneath his feet: a skin
Of sand muffling the burning ribs of stone?
Or is his blood an impulse of all breath:
Flesh fused with bone in one vast atomy
With sand and stone—with earth, whose ground and fire
Speaks for all breath? Which eyes to trust, which eyes?

Let those who search look to their anchorage
In time, before they balance earth and heaven.

✪ STANLEY BURNSHAW, president and editor-in-chief of The Dryden Press, is the author of *The Sunless Sea*, a novel, and several books of verse drama and narrative. The above selection is taken from a long poem, *Early and Late Testament*, to be published in book form in 1952.

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Faith, Reason and Art

JOSEPH KATZ

IN THE PLAY ADAPTATION of Arthur Koestler's *Darkness at Noon* there occurs a particularly dramatic moment. It occurs after a long recital of the human sacrifices, betrayals and brutalities that make up the everyday reality of the totalitarian state. At that moment, one of the characters quotes the first line of the international hymn, "Arise, ye wretched of this earth." It marks the dramatic contrast between the hopes of human redemption that ushered in the revolution, and the reality of human enslavement that characterized its development. What makes the tragedy even deeper is the puzzle of the hero of the play, who himself cannot understand how things turned out this way. He had a decisive hand in the shaping of the revolution and of post-revolutionary history. He had wished to liberate the people, to have their confidence, to be loved by them. But the outcome was that the people dumbly resented, feared, hated their leaders. As the hero reviews the history of his political life (he hardly had any other life), he finds that it has been ruled by the maxim of always acting on the principle of *pure reason.* Often there had been situations when his human sympathies were in sharp conflict with his political goals. He had invariably sacrificed his sympathies, defending this by saying that the end justified the means. But the end to be realized had come no whit closer. The realities of his own work had driven the hero into opposition both to his own party and to himself.

This failure of pure reason will be taken by many spectators as symbolic. Distrust of reason has as long a history as reason itself. But today there are increased signs of disillusionment with reason. For we live at the end of a period when scientific advance and scientific method had promised to usher in shortly an age of pros-

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perity, peace and the pursuit of happiness. That the reality is far different, we need no reminder today. It is not surprising, then, that contemporaries have been seeking for alternatives to the method of reason. Yet I am writing to vindicate the method of reason as the only successful method of resolving individual and social conflicts—when this method is understood, not in terms of traditional rationalism, but in terms of the use of reason that is characteristic of the actual practice (though not always the theoretical formulations) of the sciences, both natural and social. This will require, among other things, an examination of alternative methods allegedly embodied in the practice of religion or of art.

One particularly prominent solution to the problem under discussion has been a reassertion of traditional religion. Reinhold Niebuhr has been a particularly brilliant spokesman for those who are opposed to an exclusive reliance on the method of reason. To men like Mr. Niebuhr, it has seemed that reason alone is not able to provide the goals of human conduct. In fact, that arch-rationalist, Benjamin Franklin himself, seems to have written the epitaph for pure reason when he declared that it was wonderful to be a reasonable creature because one could then find good reasons for everything one liked to do. Only faith seems to be able to provide the fixed points by which conduct may orient itself, reason alone to be rather a ready handmaid for attaining any objective. Our adversaries in the world today are—to our great chagrin—not without mental ingenuity. It is the use to which they put their reason that is detrimental to the cause of peace. In referring to our contemporary advocates of faith, it is interesting to note that the Marxists, too, have stressed the insufficiency of reason to bring about social harmony. In a way similar to certain theologians' emphasis on original sin, they have stressed the inevitable disharmony of any class society. Where there is strife among classes, they have declared, reason will serve class interest. Only the removal of classes and the creation of a classless society will provide the existential basis for social harmony and a conflict-free use of reason. Force, the violent removal of the exploiting minority classes, not reason, is then the first step toward a peaceful society.

The first difficulty with Mr. Niebuhr's or the Marxists' solutions

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is their "other-worldliness"—otherworldly in the sense of not applying to the conditions of this world. If faith is to save society, then it will not save *earthly* society; for men are, as history has proved abundantly, notoriously faithless or apt to turn to radically opposed faiths. Neither does history hold out any hope for harmony through the abolition of social classes. Class differentiation (though of course not class exploitation) is a direct consequence of division of labor. But division of labor is the very foundation of society. If division of labor goes, society would disappear too, and man revert to the hypothetical state of a solitary and melancholy beast, his life "nasty, brutish and short." The real problem then is to find ways to live together in spite of difference and differentiation—even with people of whom we *disapprove*.

But is it true that reason by itself is not able to provide goals for human conduct? To answer this question let us return to the hero of *Darkness at Noon*, Commissar of the People and (later) Enemy of the People Rubashov. Why has pure reason failed him? To answer this question, let us remember that Rubashov had consistently preferred to act in terms of his political goals, rather than his human sympathies. In fact, he had only a very uncertain answer to a fellow prisoner's question whether he had ever loved someone. It is true that Rubashov professed an ultimate allegiance to high humanitarian goals. But we must judge him, as any man, by his activities, not by his professions. If we do so, Rubashov turns out to be the type of the pure "executive," the man who is intent to get *things* done, no matter what the human cost. Such executive types are found in all societies, and as technological society, in particular, depends on the adequate manipulation of *things*, such men often rise high in social prestige.

Yet what is behind this restless eagerness to get *things* done? I would say, the very human tendency to protect oneself from sufferings inflicted upon us by our fellow humans. We are all very vulnerable creatures. Our feelings are easily hurt. Such hurts sometimes can be so cruel that henceforth we address our best efforts to make their recurrence impossible. If we could only become like rocks, we could avoid the sufferings implicit in the human situation. Some of us succeed in becoming, in part at least, such rock-like

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creatures. It can be done in many ways. We can identify ourselves with the pursuit of a science or an art. Our joys henceforth will be scientific or artistic, and nothing human will disturb our peace. A diamond can become a girl's best friend, and she will never again have to worry about the faltering emotions of fickle men. All Rubashovs have decided to protect themselves from being hurt by their fellow men by substituting for human feelings—good or bad—a restless energy in regard to *things*.

My point then is that a good deal of what goes under the name of rationalism or pure reason actually is far removed from the proper use of reason. As the very word "rationalization" indicates, under certain circumstances reason can be the willing servant of an untutored emotion. It is a little reason that leads us away from our good, and only much reasoning that returns us to it. Yet it is no accident that reason is charged with so many failures, or that it remains so often incomplete. These failures are rooted in the very nature of reason itself. The operations of nature, and even most human activities, are sustained without thought. Man, although he has often been defined as a rational animal, is really an animal of habit. Most of our daily activities require no thought. If we had to think out each step when getting dressed in the morning, evening would arrive and we should still not be quite ready. Our physiological system performs its functions on the whole with little contribution by thought. Santayana has described this situation best. He has said that while only what is most complex can sustain life and mind, only the relatively simple can be grasped by mind. One has only to think of the complex and minute workings of our bodies, from tissues to emotions, to realize how insufficient our knowledge and control are. Reason is a kind of trouble-shooter. Many activities go on with little or no friction—luckily, because to know everything would be impossible for reason. Even to know much about less and less is difficult. To know much about certain well-defined areas of trouble has been the traditional task of reason. One can easily see what happens when the areas of trouble widen. In the individual, for instance, one gets the familiar prolonged therapies. In societies such as ours, one gets a multitude of theories that cannot sufficiently illuminate the situation.

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We are now somewhat better able to understand why positions that appeal to faith are taken. The appeal to faith is often an appeal to tradition and custom. The positive thing to be said about this is that custom has at least in some measure proved itself. It has at least sustained life—even if badly. About any new plan for action there is the eternal danger that it might work worse than the one it supplants. History seems to be an eternal succession of ages of faith and ages of reason. The age of reason criticizes and eliminates some particularly gross abuses of the age that preceded it. But it does not stop there. It goes on to build, in reason, its own heavenly city. We are not sorry that many of these utopian schemes did not find realization. A later generation almost invariably laughs at the simplified and often deadening utopias of a preceding Enlightenment. To point out these matters does not serve to ridicule reason. It serves to indicate the incompleteness of reason that has not been put to the empirical test. It also indicates that, as reason cannot make over the world anew, it must work with the materials at hand. These materials include customs and traditional beliefs.

Still, to characterize the appeal to faith as being an appeal to custom is to tell only half the story. In some uses, faith turns out to be the very reverse of appeal to custom and tradition. There is the tendency of reason, as of all human habits, toward rigidity. It is here that the office of religion can be vital. The function of religion, properly understood, is to keep open the sense of the possibilities of experience and thereby to free human impulse to a more abundant life. The paradox is that traditional religion has so often been the foe of novelty, that it has trembled before every advance in science or in conduct as subversive of its status. But religion that truly fulfills its task of aiming at human salvation will greet each new thought and each new experiment in conduct as an aid to its continuing endeavor. When Freud in an unkindly way defined religion as the compulsion neurosis of mankind, he was castigating only the abuse of religion (unfortunately, frequent enough to be confused with the very essence of religion). There is a way of achieving security by withdrawal, as in the case of Rubashov. But as the Latin proverb asserts, Nature cannot be expelled. Real security can be achieved only by the intelligent facing of the

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plural world of nature and the plural impulses in human nature. It is this task that an adequate religion serves.

The success of the method of reason in modern science has had a twofold effect. It has led to a copying of the pattern of scientific method in widely divergent fields. At its most naïve, it led, for example, to the claim that only the mathematical method, highly successful in certain natural sciences, is the proper method of reason and ultimately to be applied everywhere. On the other hand, those who for legitimate or illegitimate reasons wished to restrict the claims of growing science sought to establish ways of knowing different from those of reason or scientific method. Strangely enough, these two apparently divergent tendencies seem somehow to merge in certain current spokesmen of the arts. It is claimed that the various arts provide us with a key to reality in certain respects superior to that of the language used in the sciences. Music, for instance, is declared to give a superior insight into man's inner life, particularly into man's emotional life—one that can only much more inadequately be caught by words. It is somewhat difficult to give an accurate description of this position without distorting it, and this difficulty is founded in the ambiguity of the position itself. For what I have said so far sets the arts up as a species of science. It is reminiscent of certain eighteenth century conceptions of the arts as predominantly instructive in character. Yet the ambiguity consists in the fact that this position at the same time implies an anti-scientific slant. Several recent philosophies, notably that of Bergson, have set up an opposition between intuition and intellect. Intellect or reason, it has been asserted, gives only an abstract, stagnant, snapshot view of reality. Intuition alone renders the living process and élan of life. To certain spokesmen of the arts, the arts are such superior instruments of insight. Now, in aesthetics proper this is, even if false, perhaps a harmless view. But in its wider implications it is a view that dissuades us from the hard and painful exercise of reason in favor of an oracular intuitive wisdom (or the illusion of it) that is much more easily come by. Hence, in a discussion of the function of reason, it is important to determine whether the arts can be utilized for this latest, very sophisticated revival of an intuitionism that so easily leads to obscurantism.

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One can perhaps begin best by admitting the claim that the language of science is an abstract one. It must be so because the function of science is, not to *duplicate* perceptual experience, but to select and abstract certain traits from existence and thereby to lead to the control and extension of experience. Those who demand in the place of science an intuition of the living moment in its fullness would find themselves, upon fulfillment of their wish, not with *knowledge* but with the initial *perception* in its dumb immediacy. Do the arts then constitute a possible supplement or even substitute for science in delivering reality more fully in its native hues and colors? Unlike science, they are not primarily constituted of abstract, sign-like formulae. They seem very much to reproduce the objects of ordinary life. This is particularly obvious in an art like the drama, with its three-dimensional reproductions of human personalities and surroundings.

Nevertheless, art is far from having primarily a descriptive intent. It is not descriptive, first, because of its native element of "fiction." Experience is only *material* for art; art comes, to vary a saying of Santayana's, to fulfill nature, not to repeat or describe it. But must we not grant at least a limited cognitive aspect to art? In the drama, for instance, there seems to be a making explicit of what remains muted in ordinary life. Love, hate, spite and frustration on the stage are carried to heights of verbal and emotional articulateness that they do not ordinarily attain. Were it not for the plays that we see and the novels that we read, our neighbors would be much more shadowy figures for us. These are legitimate considerations. But they ultimately argue, it seems to me, that the dramatist's productions are not so much *instruments* of understanding as they are *materials* for understanding. Evidence for this is found in the fact that whereas the reading of a scientific explanation is apt to be immediately illuminating, the seeing of a play—enhanced by the degree to which it is a superior one—is likely at first to be puzzlesome, and to require time before understanding is reached. An illustration will help to bring the point home. Most people are by now convinced of the Freudian aspects of Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. Some have been led by this to ascribe to Shakespeare the insights of psychoanalysis. What ought to be noted is that no critic dis-

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covered Freudian mechanisms in *Hamlet* before the writings of Freud. These mechanisms were there, but nobody knew—not even Shakespeare himself. Plato once expressed this puzzling fact, facetiously, by saying that God took away the minds of the poets the better to express His own.

In this context an analogy may be drawn between artistic creations and dreams. Even apparently ordinary people are capable of dreams that far transcend their usual verbalizations. In artistic creation, we have something that is both like the creativity of dreams and an immense step beyond it—if only because of the deliberate experimentations and the intellectual effort that go into the artist's preparation. Yet the artist is expressive of more than he knows, and this is what justifies the dream analogy. There is of course much that is unknown about the act of creation itself. But quite apart from the *psychology* of creation, what is relevant to the present discussion is that the *products* of creation provide *materials* for understanding, rather than understanding itself. This assertion is adequate only if it is understood that these materials are highly privileged materials. The occurrences of daily life are materials for understanding too. What is distinctive about the materials furnished by art is that they provide more explicit clues for understanding than do the ordinary materials of life. From what has been said it also follows that in his work the artist often transcends whatever abstracted philosophical, sociological or other views he may hold otherwise. (Witness, for instance, T. S. Eliot.)

The intent of this article has been to advocate the method of reason. It has been suggested that this does not mean to conceive the rational life as exclusively, or even primarily, constituted of reasoning activities. Reason is a *pivotal* agent. But in this function of trouble-shooter, reason has no rival and no substitutes. To advocate reason is not to advocate supplanting or diminishing emotions, but it is to say that control and harmony of emotions cannot be achieved by the emotions themselves, but by reason. (Reason, of course, is also more than a pivotal agent, and in the form of concepts or meanings serves to enrich profoundly merely perceptual enjoyment.)

In conclusion, it is appropriate to call to attention the transformation of human nature that is in progress right now under the

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impact of the sciences of mind, man and society. This transformation was heralded as far back as the seventeenth century by Spinoza. A characteristic sentence from his *Ethics* declares that his doctrine "teaches us to hate no one, to despise no one, to mock no one, to be angry with no one, and to envy no one." It seems at first that Spinoza is conjuring a quite inhuman, though perhaps quite rationalistic, monster. Yet Spinoza's sentence is indicative of the transforming power of reason. We are all beginning to be aware of the devaluation that some words connected with morality have undergone. Such words as virtue or temperance we can hardly use any longer without a smile, and we should find them too weak to describe people whom we esteem. The very words "morality" and "moral" have undergone this devaluation. A man who declares himself to be very moral may make a somewhat ridiculous impression.

The reasons for these devaluations are easy to see. Recent psychology has shown the inadequateness of the view of human nature held in traditional moralities, a conception that was much too meek and antiseptic, and did not come to grips with the often quite violent forces in man. And we have come to think of many things that were once regarded as morally evil as really some kind of psychological disease. In law, for instance, the concept of the criminal insane has widened, and that of the responsible criminal has narrowed. Now Spinoza's maxim indicates that it is as much wasted emotion to hate, be angry with, despise the evil-doer as it would be, like a child, to strike back at an inanimate object into which one might have bumped. To understand is to forgive—and also to strain every nerve to change conditions and men so that they will not be productive of evil again. We do find the evil-doer *enslaved* to his distorted view of reality and to his uncontrollable emotions. By hating him, we shall, in addition to the evil that he may have done us, only burden ourselves with an unproductive emotion. To alleviate the tension, the proper response is not hate but an effort to change the evil-doer.

This kind of rational emotionality may to some seem inhuman. There seems to be something weak or even repressive about those who do not hate those who have done evil to them. Still, we also know that the reaction of hate bears much of the destructive in itself. It is often the attempt, under a socially approved pretext, to

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vent one's own destructive drives. So long as we hate, we are in many respects on the same plane as the evil-doer whom we combat. Perhaps the reason that this projected rational man may at first seem bloodless is because we have been concentrating on the negative side, the emotions he will *not* have. But there are the opposites of the emotions listed by Spinoza: affection, joyfulness, love. These Spinoza's man will have in abundance, and in greater abundance because they will no longer be counterbalanced by their disturbing opposites or undergo the uneasy marriage of ambivalence with them. In the past, good has been too readily associated with prohibitiveness. The good man was simply the man who did *not* do certain evil things. But there is no telling what kind of men might exist if emotional force were released primarily to constructive tasks. William James once made the distinction between the tender-minded and the tough-minded. What we need is men with tough minds and tender emotions. So far, men with tender minds and tough emotions seem to have been favored by social conditions.

There are already apparent certain anticipations of Spinoza's man. They promise a humanity that will no longer settle differences by force, that will not only tolerate, but welcome differences as enriching life—a humanity that will not have to rely on the police to stem social chaos. But whether we shall achieve this ideal depends on the outcome of the race between intelligence and the destructive habits and emotions not yet under its control. There are more things between heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy. The vital question, yet to be answered by a future of either doom or peace, is: Is there enough in our philosophy to maintain and develop further this precarious human existence between heaven and earth?

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The Common Reader and James Joyce's *Ulysses*

W. POWELL JONES

FOR THIRTY-SIX YEARS, until his death in 1941, Joyce lived in Rome, Trieste, Zurich, Paris and other parts of the continent, while he wrote continuously about the one city of Dublin. His youthful book of stories, *Dubliners*, his autobiographical *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, his *Ulysses*, and even *Finnegans Wake*, so far as it may be said to have any locale—all are set in the fervently regional confines of Dublin.

This combination of cosmopolitan and regional is merely a symbol of Joyce's lifelong desire to express the universal history of mankind in terms of the purely local. Joyce himself said that he chose the versatile Ulysses as the model for his complete all-round man in preference to Faust and Hamlet. It may be denied that Leopold Bloom, the Joycean Ulysses, even approaches the complete man; yet the activities of Bloom and his fellow Dubliners on June 16, 1904, present perhaps as complete a picture of multiform and complicated modern life as can be given within the covers of one book. The defects of the tolerant and compromising Bloom are made complete with the intellectual Stephen Dedalus, the sensual Molly Bloom, and the two hundred or more Dubliners of every description and trade and mood who walk boldly into the episodes.

Finnegans Wake, the work that was in progress for seventeen years, pushes to its extreme Joyce's desire to express the universal in terms of the particular. Even when the particulars are unintelligible, the general theme of the book is not hard to follow—that history

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repeats itself; that life consists of the constantly recurring cycle of birth, marriage, death and reawakening; and that time does not matter, since the cycle is apparent in Adam and Tristram and Napoleon as well as in H. C. Earwicker, that citizen of Dublin whose dreams are the matter of the book.

It is in *Ulysses*, however, that Joyce has succeeded best in combining sound and sense, making full use of stylistic novelty without obscuring his picture of universal man in a complicated modern world. Into *Ulysses* Joyce poured nine of his most creative and industrious years, and it will probably remain his masterpiece. And yet the book is still shunned by the common reader, to whom it has much to say. Recent critics like Harry Levin and Richard Kain have done much to dispel the damage done by early idolators of Joyce, but the common reader still needs a simple approach to the work that will enable him to see that it is worth the effort of unravelling some of its difficulties. The end result will be a devastating picture of modern life, but the way to it is filled with much of the most masterful use of the English language since Shakespeare. *Ulysses* may be appalling, but it is good fun.

It is perhaps inevitable that a book so full of innovations as *Ulysses* should be much talked about, yet little understood. In spite of increasing numbers of readers of the book, however, a few popular misconceptions that need to be dispelled have persisted. Two of these fallacies can be disposed of quickly—that *Ulysses* is a "dirty" book, and that a complicated system of esoteric symbolism and Homeric parallels must be mastered before the work can be understood. The third fallacy—that the book belongs to the cult of unintelligibility because of a disjointed "stream of consciousness" technique—has least justification, but will take longer to refute. I should like to lead the common reader over these three hurdles and into the pleasurable reading of Joyce's masterpiece.

I can understand why the hurried reader, especially among the very young, thinks *Ulysses* is all dirt. After all, pornography is of all knowledge the most avidly sought after and, because of its very universality, the most easily understood. Although little of *Ulysses* is devoted completely to the erotic, that little is largely concentrated in the carnal meditations of Mrs. Bloom, where they are easily got at.

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In his excitement, the curious reader is apt to miss the saner verdict of Judge Woolsey, who shows that the severely plain language with which Joyce treats sex does not tend to excite sex impulses and therefore is not aphrodisiac.

I can also understand how one might think that there is some sort of esoteric connection between *Ulysses* and Homer's *Odyssey*, without a knowledge of which the reader is lost. Joyce himself has encouraged this point of view, and indeed there is little doubt that he carried every possible parallel to its farthest point. But one can comprehend and enjoy the whole work without having read the *Odyssey*. The vaguest knowledge of the ancient legend will explain the closest parallels, and careful study will add others that are entertaining even if not important. But to follow up the mystical connections of every minor point in the manner of Stuart Gilbert, even though it may be with the cooperation of Joyce, is to reduce the whole subject of Homeric parallels to an absurdity, obscuring the issue rather than clarifying it.

Even the most casual reader of Homer's *Odyssey* will realize that Joyce has played very freely with the older story. There is a resemblance in the main characters. Leopold Bloom is Ulysses, the restless hero, wandering physically all across Dublin and spiritually throughout the world. Molly Bloom is Penelope but in reverse, her twenty-five lovers contrasting with Penelope's classic fidelity. And Stephen Dedalus is Telemachus, son of Ulysses and Penelope, yet Stephen is related to the Blooms only in Leopold's futile desire for a son.

There is also a vague resemblance to the plot of Homer's epic. Joyce opens with three episodes devoted to Stephen, even as the *Odyssey* plunges *in medias res* with Telemachus opposing his mother's suitors and going out in search of his father. (Incidentally, this opening is one of the strong points of the *Odyssey*, because it not only introduces us to Telemachus and Penelope, but also arouses an interest in what will be done to relieve the tense situation. The corresponding part in *Ulysses* is structurally weak because there is no mention of the main characters, who appear for the first time in the fourth episode.) Joyce follows with a second section containing twelve episodes of the adventures of Bloom, which parallel, very

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roughly to be sure, the well-known but briefly related adventures of Ulysses in Books IX-XII of the *Odyssey*. Joyce ends with a final section of three episodes depicting the homecoming of Bloom, to correspond with the entire last half of Homer's work, which comes to a magnificent climax in Ulysses' fight with the suitors to regain his wife and kingdom.

The episodes in Joyce's *Ulysses* are named for characters or themes from the *Odyssey*, mostly taken from Ulysses' adventures, that part of the *Odyssey* which is most widely known because it is a much-told tale. The lotus-eating which makes Ulysses' sailors lazy and carefree fits easily into Bloom's early morning daydreams of escape from reality, including his desire to travel to the Orient. Ulysses' visit to the "Land of the Dead" in search of his companion has a ready parallel in Bloom's attending the funeral of Paddy Dignam. The windbags of Joyce's newspaper office can be recognized as kin to Aeolus, god of the winds, who ties all the winds into a bag for Ulysses; but the parallel can be properly understood only by reading Jonathan Swift's more violent attack on the Aeolists of the eighteenth century in his *Tale of a Tub*. Some other parallels are easy enough: the "Sirens" are the singing barmaids; Nausicaa is Gerty MacDowell, the young girl who arouses the passions of the older man; and Circe, who turns Ulysses' men into swine, is Bella Cohen, keeper of Dublin's brothel. But the parallels suggested by Joyce's titles of Calypso, the Lestrygonians, the Wandering Rocks, and Oxen of the Sun, among others, are far-fetched and add nothing to the enjoyment of the common reader. Perhaps the best the critic gets in comparing Joyce with Homer is by noting how Joyce usually arrives at almost the opposite effect to that of Homer's story, for the odyssey of modern man is complicated rather than direct, frustrating rather than heroic, futile in the end rather than moving.

The Homeric parallels are often rewarding, it is seen, even while they are not necessary for the enjoyment of the common reader. Additional esoteric symbolism piled upon Homer, however, serves only to give Joyce's work an unfriendly, almost untouchable air. I refer to the elaborate scheme outlined by Stuart Gilbert, whereby each of the eighteen episodes in *Ulysses* has not only its scene, its hour of the day, and its Homeric parallels, but also is "associated

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with a given Organ of the human body, relates to a certain Art, has its appropriate Symbol and a specific Technic." Whether or not Joyce actually had all this elaborate paraphernalia in mind when he was writing *Ulysses* does not concern the common reader. Its very top-heaviness is absurd and often meaningless. For example, we are told that the fourth episode ("Calypso"), in which Bloom starts the day by going to the butcher shop for a kidney, returns and cooks breakfast, talks to his wife, eats, and then reads the newspaper as he sits in the privy, has for its organ the kidney, for its art economics, for its color orange, for its symbol the nymph, and for its technic mature narrative. In such episodes the connection is too remote to be of help. And in others such apparatus does not explain enough.

Misconceptions of this sort are understandable because they come usually from the general reader. Yet the belief that Joyce has nothing but a staccato and verbless style, often entirely unpunctuated, comes usually from students of literature who should know better. Joyce's style varies with his subject matter, and often shifts so fast that the reader must be versatile to follow it. But the obscurity lies in its variety and in the multiplicity of its allusions, rather than in a deliberate concealing of thought behind chaotic reminiscing.

The so-called "stream-of-consciousness" technique, by which thought patterns are given an equal place with behavior in depicting fictional characters, is rightly credited to Joyce. Joyce himself, it is true, freely admitted that he took the idea from an obscure novel, Edouard Dujardin's *Les Lauriers sont Coupés*, admitted it so freely that the French book was brought out of its obscurity and reprinted to the great delight of the author. But it was Joyce's use of the "monologue intérieur" and his variation of the pattern that led to the revolution, for better or for worse, in the technique and, to a certain extent, in the subject matter of modern fiction.

Ulysses is not all stream-of-consciousness. A goodly portion of the book is given over to straightforward narrative, either of a conventional sort or in the particular style chosen to fit the mood of a given episode. Whenever direct discourse is introduced it is realistic, whether it be the coarse speech of the Narrator in the Saloon ("Cyclops") or the intellectual ingenuity of Stephen's discourse on Hamlet in the library ("Scylla and Charybdis"). This would be

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more apparent, at least to the average American reader, if quotation marks for direct discourse were inserted by printers to replace the French punctuation with a dash adopted by Joyce.

Without the narration of conscious thought, however, *Ulysses* would be sterile and without meaning. In these passages the characters come vividly to life, revealing their past histories and their present desires. The narrative tells always of the present; the thoughts depict the past and presage the future. But the method of presenting thoughts varies considerably, becoming more complicated as the day progresses, as the active life gives way to the contemplative, and as that in turn merges into the relaxing weariness of late evening.

Let me illustrate this shifting of technique in the manner of depicting thought. The first method, quite common in the earlier episodes, and easily grasped because it has become popular in recent fiction, is the sudden but obvious shift from narrative to the inner mind of the character last described, much in the same way that the motion picture suddenly breaks the distant and panoramic view for a close-up that will reveal the facial expressions of the chief character.

In the opening episode ("Telemachus"), as Buck Mulligan taunts him, Stephen in his thoughts relives the whole scene of his mother's death, but except for this all is straight narrative. In the second episode ("Nestor"), Stephen teaches his history class, and interrupts his catechism only with random thoughts on the boys; after class he talks to headmaster Deasy, and is occasionally reminded of something suggested by the conversation. For example, when Mr. Deasy mentions the financial tricks of the Jews, Stephen's thoughts break in to present a more sympathetic point of view:

On the steps of the Paris Stock Exchange the goldskinned men quoting prices on their gemmed fingers. Gabbles of geese. They swarmed loud, uncouth about the temple, their heads thickplotting under maladroit silk hats. Not theirs: these clothes, this speech, these gestures. Their full slow eyes belied the words, the gestures eager and unoffending, but knew the rancours massed about them and knew their zeal was vain. Vain patience to heap and hoard. Time surely would scatter all. A hoard heaped by the roadside: plundered and passing on. Their eyes knew the years of wandering and, patient, knew the dishonours of their flesh.[35] *

* Numbers in the text refer to pages of James Joyce's *Ulysses,* New York: Random House, 1934. The quotations are reprinted by permission of Random House, Inc.

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A second variation is made by complicating and extending the first. In the third episode ("Proteus"), Stephen walks along the strand of Dublin's tidal river, whose changing waters remind him of changing life, of birth and death. There is very little narrative here; the thoughts of birth are connected with two midwives he sees, and death with the recovered corpse of a drowned man. The allusions become increasingly difficult, for the reader must have as full a mind as Stephen's to follow everything. For example, Stephen wonders what is in the midwife's bag, and hits upon the fantastic connection between the mystic's gazing upon his navel and the rigging up of a telephone line back to Adam:

A misbirth with a trailing navelcord, hushed in ruddy wool. The cords of all link back, strandentwining cable of all flesh. That is why mystic monks. Will you be as gods? Gaze in your omphalos. Hello. Kinch here. Put me on to Edenville. Aleph, alpha: nought, nought one.[39]

The difficulty of this technique used to characterize Stephen is in the rapid shifting of ideas in an active and well-stocked mind. To cite a more complicated example, Stephen is at another point reminded of Jonathan Swift's having been Dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin in the early eighteenth century, and this reminds him of Swift's having gone mad from thinking too much upon mankind. The allusions to Swift in *cathedral*, *madness*, *Houyhnhnm* and *dean* are unmistakable; and yet one may understand Stephen's feeling of human decay without knowing about Swift and his rational horses, the Houyhnhnms, or about the possible connection between Swift's early patron, Sir William Temple, and Stephen's friends, Mulligan and Campbell:

The hundredheaded rabble of the cathedral close. A hater of his kind ran from them to the wood of madness, his mane foaming in the moon, his eyeballs stars. Houyhnhnm, horsenostrilled. The oval equine faces. Temple, Buck Mulligan, Foxy Campbell. Lantern jaws. Abbas father, furious dean, what offence laid fire to their brains?[40]

With the introduction of the main character, Leopold Bloom, in the fourth episode ("Calypso"), a new kind of stream-of-consciousness is brought in, not smooth and deeply intellectual like the tidal river of Stephen's thoughts, but swift-flowing with constant changes like a cross-country river. In depicting the early morn-

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ing thoughts of Bloom, it flows rapidly, changing at every turn by the addition of a new stream, undisturbed when flowing calmly between high banks, broken and choppy when it froths around rocks or over the falls.

Just as Stephen's flow of thoughts is difficult to follow only when he becomes intellectual and knots his everyday affairs with allusions from his wide reading, so Bloom's ordinarily lucid thoughts are made difficult by the new streams that keep coming in, most of which tie up with a recall of the past and keep recurring in bewildering combinations throughout the day. For example, when Bloom walks out to buy meat for breakfast, the prosaic figure of a middle-aged Jewish advertisement solicitor, the reader is not disturbed by the intrusion of Major Tweedy, Bloom's father-in-law, into the romantic daydream of Oriental splendor that comes from the sight of the bright sun and the smell of fresh bread:

> Makes you feel young. Somewhere in the east: early morning: set off at dawn, travel round in front of the sun, steal a day's march on him. Keep it up for ever never grow a day older technically. Walk along a strand, strange land, come to a city gate, sentry there, old ranker too, old Tweedy's moustaches leaning on a long kind of spear. Wander through awned streets. Turbaned faces going by. Dark caves of carpet shops, big man, Turko the terrible, seated crosslegged smoking a coiled pipe.[57]

On the other hand, what at first appears to be a simple event may turn out to be very important as the story develops. A good example is the introduction, during this same morning walk, of the theme words, Agendath Netaim. At the butcher's shop Bloom notices among the cut sheets of wrapping paper the prospectus of Agendath Netaim, a company that proposed to purchase sandy tracts north of Jaffa and plant them with eucalyptus, citrus fruit, olives, almonds and melons.[60] The idea fits beautifully into his desire to travel in Oriental lands, and so the prospectus becomes a part of his shifting mood. It is linked in his thoughts at first with restlessness and the sensuous. "Nice to hold, cool waxen fruit, hold in the hand, lift it to the nostrils and smell the perfume."[60] Then it shifts to the despair of the Jew wandering over all the earth from captivity to captivity: "A barren land, bare waste. Volcanic lake, the dead sea. No fish,

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weedless, sunk deep in the earth. No wind would lift those waves, grey metal, poisonous foggy waters."[61]

This is poetic language and easy to read, but, much more important to Joyce, it is also the very fiber of Bloom's character. Agendath Netaim, strange words, symbolize the motive described by this whole incident, and as such the words, like a recurrent theme in music, keep weaving themselves into Bloom's thoughts. During the day the motive is definitely tied with sensuousness, as when he becomes excited by looking at women's clothes in a shop window: "All for a woman, home and houses, silk webs, silver, rich fruits, spicy from Jaffa. Agendath Netaim. Wealth of the world."[166] The connection with wealth becomes dominant in the evening: in imagination he has bought extensively and then lost his investment by heavy mortgages.[456] One of his last acts after midnight is to take the folded circular out of his pocket and burn it,[691] adding Agendath to his other abortive schemes for making money.[703]

This method of symbolizing traits of character by means of words or phrases that recall whole incidents has been compared to the use of musical *leitmotivs* in a Wagner opera. The artistic purpose is similar, but Joyce's use of the themes is far more complicated than Wagner's, because of their greater number and because of the economical method of using a single word or phrase to recall scenes from the past. The reader has to be constantly on the alert not to miss the first declaration of the full theme or the association key words that recall it in its later entrances. This requires a mental agility that is repaid not only in the fuller understanding of Joyce's artistic purpose, but also—perhaps a baser pleasure—in the satisfaction of solving the mystery by keeping the important clues always in mind.

The themes are associated with individuals, most of them with Stephen Dedalus and Leopold Bloom. The common reader will find Stephen's themes intellectual and hard to follow, and perhaps he will find them not too rewarding, beyond showing the brilliant versatility of a young man who is spiritually lost. The themes connected with Bloom and his family, however, are earthy and practical; they seem to be merely the casual echoes of everyday incidents, but they become the essence of tragedy. These are the themes that the common reader will enjoy and must understand.

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Among the important recurring themes of *Ulysses* associated with Bloom, are those of his family life: the beautiful days of his early married life with Molly; the infidelities of Molly tied up at the time of the story with Blazes Boylan ("jingle jaunty jingle") and with snatches of an old song ("Your head it simply swirls, Those lovely seaside girls"); the daughter Milly who is becoming like her mother; and the two tragedies of his life, the death of his only son Rudy as an infant and the suicide of his father. Countless minor themes swirl in and out of his thoughts: the business of advertising that is his livelihood; the prize titbit of a story he is going to write; Mrs. Purefoy at the maternity hospital; Denis Breen comically running around Dublin trying to take action against anonymous jokesters who sent him a postcard with "U.P.: up" on it; the sticky lemon soap that keeps bothering Bloom all day; the *Sweets of Sin* he bought for his wife to read; the secret correspondence he has kept up with Martha Clifford under the name of Henry Flower; the four o'clock appointment of Boylan and Molly.* But these and many other verbal themes weave themselves gradually into the larger pattern of Bloom's desire for fatherhood, which ends in a compromise between restlessness on the one hand and tolerant resignation on the other. They all resolve themselves at last in Bloom's solicitous adoption of Stephen, drunk and helpless in a brothel, as his vicarious son.

Into the eighteen episodes of *Ulysses* Joyce has poured infinite detail with a lavish variety of style. The Blooms and Stephen Dedalus have hidden nothing from us, and the two hundred or so other characters have added multiple variations of life to make up the total picture of modern man in a scientific civilization. There is little nobility in it, but there is a vast amount of mingled tenderness and brutality, laughter and tears.

To those who say that we might have been spared some of the sordid details, we can only say that this was not Joyce's way. He selected his material more rigidly than most artists, for even where

*An index of verbal motifs associated with Bloom and Stephen has been compiled by Richard M. Kain, *Fabulous Voyager* (Chicago, 1947), App. D, pp. 277-289. Other verbal associations may be easily followed with the help of Miles L. Hanley's *Word Index to James Joyce's Ulysses* (Madison, Wisconsin, 1937).

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he approaches most nearly the psychoanalytic method of uninhibited reverie, he chooses only those details that show the complete picture. In the "Penelope" episode, for example, Joyce depicts Molly Bloom, not only in her reminiscence of sexual adventures but also in her casual thoughts of dress and travel, and the homely trivialities of everyday household affairs. He pictures Molly's earthiness as much in her innate disdain for the intellectual as in her erotic thoughts. Again, in the "Circe" episode, that Freudian orgy in a brothel, the most intimate, and sometimes disgusting, passages are carefully selected to show the bisexual, compromising, tolerant, often lovable nature of Leopold Bloom.

With all its faults, *Ulysses* is one of the great books of modern literature. The full picture it gives of our complicated civilization, whether we like that picture or not, makes the book worth reading, and the technical experiments make the picture seem always fresh. Joyce peels the husks off old words and makes them glow with new meaning. He is always striving to enlarge his medium, and the innovations make for hard reading. But he has not yet abandoned his conventional medium—we must wait for *Finnegans Wake* for that. With some industry and a little help, *Ulysses* can be understood by the common reader, and it is fun to try.

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Islanders

LOUIS SIMPSON

Poetry has no place, still you must choose
A starting-point—say, with the displaced Jews
Who come to this small park from the ends of earth:
They weep with sorrow and expect a birth,
Their gutturals disrupt the summer nights
While darkness slowly laps the river lights.
Their skins are wrinkled like fine handkerchiefs
Of Brussels, intricately stitched with griefs.
The wind that stirs their soft curls makes you cold
Thinking of Belsen and of Buchenwald;
Their tears obscure your Christ like candlegrease,
—A swinging acrobat, no Prince of Peace!
Cry thief! Someone has stolen the true Cross!
Go to these Jews, accuse them of your loss!

Poetry has no place, but life is kind.
Revenge yourself on a girl—she will not mind.
A glossy, sulky one comes strolling by;
The loiterers compete to catch her eye,
But, even as you stare, she's whisked away
By a sports jacket and a new coupé.
Tonight when he brings her home—"Oi, from his place!"
Her father cries, her mother slaps her face,
She packs her bag while the children wail and shout,
Her father asks her where she's going—"Out!"
And that means America. She may go far
And hang over California like a star,
Returning with affection fierce as spite
To lavish wealth and set the old rooms right.

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This tapeworm, poetry, won't make you fat:
It's time for supper at the automat.
Those faces are reflections of your own,
Faces that cannot bear to be alone,
Faces at whose back scream nightingales,
Faces that cannot endure the sound of bells . . .
Could they exchange their hopes—no, they will stare
Into their own, out in the dark somewhere,
Gulping their beans. Each at some point preferred
To live like this rather than say a word,
—Was it "I love you" or another "Yes" . . .
Each is fascinated with some strange success.
Their lips move silently; they are living again
Some secret hour of familiar pain.

II

Who, in the junkyard of the automobiles
Has not seen Egypt and the crocodiles?
These avenues from which the sun has fled
Are ancient temples, dynasts of the dead.
These times are not climactic, but the first,
Primeval, monumental, and the worst.
The earth bleeds with invisibilities,
For this is where they murdered the green trees,
And if their artifices were destroyed
Not even Balbec would be such a void.
The slaves are not devoted to their toil;
They come together at day, at dark they recoil
As though from gods of which they are ashamed,
Propitiated, served, but never named.
On monoliths, in chains and robes of light
Their lives are sacrificed to brooding Night.

I see you suddenly transfixed and caught
In traffic lights, as spectral as a thought.
They drive on curves of steel and swoops of stone
So fast their similes will find them gone.
Those men are not statues, nor are those women flowers,
They are the masks of still uncertain powers.

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Like stars at speed they dream in a slow coil,
Their brains are glitterings, their blood is oil,
They are the ancestors, their souls their own,
But time is their anguish, time is in the bone,
And many generations yet must die
Before the columns bow their heads and weep with piety.

III

Your prophesies, Whitman, your metaphysics, Melville,
These promises sell poetry to the devil!
Heart-work is here, hand-work is now,
Poetry goes inch by inch; do not raise your head from the plow.
What good will it do them to know how magnificent
We thought they would be, if they have no precedent?
The Open Road, the Pacific—one is a sinking bell,
The other, a barn open to the North in winters cold as hell.
Something particular is needed. No, Prophet, you shall not escape!
Your life is the altar where the holy flame takes shape.
No use wooing the People, they won't help you out:
One look at your face, they'll know what you're lying about.
You'd better get to work. Look at the actual scene.
Your job is to show it. People will know what you mean.

You arrive as you always do at the Square called Times.
The lights cry out. They are concupiscent of rhymes.
A tower combs her hair, a movie crosses her legs,
A candy-machine winks at you, a drug-store begs.
Never mind, sweethearts, poets aren't an easy touch:
I've been to Barbes-Rochechouart and seen just as much.
Don't try to put on a sophisticated air;
Underneath it all you are only a country fair
—Magic for the bumpkins, shell-games for the smart,
Here the village hero can hit the tin heart.
Some places I've been, the scenes make more loving advances;
Here, damned if the poet doesn't take all of the chances . . .
Then, if he fails, Aha! the critics smile
We told you the effort wouldn't be worth your while.

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Still, I like these streets where life is popular:
Inside, Dances of Bali, nothing concealed, only a dollar.
Japanese atrocities. Savage rites. See them writhe under the whip.
Strange Loves of Hitler. Here's something for your scholarship.
A gift in every package worth three times the asking price.
Play a joke on your friends—these cubes look exactly like ice.
In a window a man sits opposite a machine . . .
They are both shelling peas—no need to ask which will win.
Girls in three sizes, arms linked, they titter their words
While their glances go flying and perch on men's shoulders like birds . . .
Two sailors, balanced like dancers, stand strangely aside
Listening within themselves to the eternal tide.

IV

And you, an islander, listen! Ah, there it moves!
The sea reminds islands of their earliest loves.
This is the liner of stone, with star-cleaving funnels;
These streets are the decks, we crowd to the blazing gunwales.
Look up at the men who paint a precarious mast:
The scaffolds are tossed by the wind, they hold carelessly fast.
They walk in the clouds, they gaze into blue gulfs of ether.
If you too stood in that storm, exposed to the weather,
In the pulse of sound and silence, wafting westward you might see
Another Aphrodite tiptoe on the white-curled sea.
If you could cast the moorings of the bridges and set sail,
Feel the waves of time go under, clinging to the sea-wet rail,
To meet her as she comes again, as once to Cyprus' bay,
And she wrings her golden hair out, that is striped and streaked with gray,
On the horses, the blue horses, that with curved necks come to meet
The horses, the white horses, that stand still on foaming feet,
—The goddess of the ocean, with gray eyes and wrinkled knees,
Who breaks the generations to make more men's pelvises!
The city tilts and founders in a turbulence of gulls;
The waves regurgitate their fish, torn nets and splintered hulls,
And with one wind all will be drowned, to be God's bellyful,
Until, with shining weeds enwound, they rise more beautiful.

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You find yourself at the Circle. This is no masted ship!
Those towers are the stalagmites of stars that slowly drip,
—Flowers freaked with blue and white on stalks that seem to twist
To some great height where love is made and birds sing in a mist . . .
One rose, pistilla of light, with red cloud-petals,
Rose of the heart hammered thin, of the most precious metals.
A chisel driven aslant, a silicate wedge . . .
Enough of these images, they set the teeth on edge!
Life, if you like, is a metaphor of death:
The difference is you, a place for the passing of breath.
That is what man is. He is the time between,
The palpable glass through which all things are seen.
Nothing. Silence. A syllable. A word.
Everything. After your death this poem occurred.
You were the honored fragments from the Greek.
After your death these stones would move and speak.

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Americanizing the White Man

FELIX S. COHEN

"WHAT CAN we do to Americanize the Indian?" The question was earnestly put by a man who was about to assume control over our country's Indian affairs. He was appalled by the fact that over a hundred native tribes within the United States still speak their own languages and make their own laws on the little fragments of land that Indians reserved for their own use when they sold the rest of the country to the white man. The Commissioner-elect was a kind and generous soul, but his Anglo-Saxon pride was ruffled by the fact that so many Indians preferred their own way of life, poor as it was, to the benefits of civilization that Congress longed to confer on them. Perhaps, if Indians did not realize that they needed more Indian Bureau supervisors and bigger and better appropriations to make real Americans out of them, it might be necessary to use a little force.

A bronze-skinned figure in the audience arose. "You will forgive me," said a voice of quiet dignity, "if I tell you that my people were Americans for thousands of years before your people were. The question is not how you can Americanize us but how we can Americanize you. We have been working at that for a long time. Sometimes we are discouraged at the results. But we will keep trying. And the first thing we want to teach you is that, in the American way of life, each man has respect for his brother's vision. Because each of us respected his brother's dream, we enjoyed freedom here in America while your people were busy killing and enslaving each other across the water. The relatives you left behind are still trying to kill each other and enslave each other because they have

✪ FELIX S. COHEN argued the cases that won for Indians the right to vote in those Western states that had formerly denied them the franchise. Visiting professor in the department of philosophy of the College of the City of New York and the Law School of Yale University, his compilation of Indian Laws and Treaties and his *Handbook of Federal Indian Law* are standard reference works.

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not learned there that freedom is built on my respect for my brother's vision and his respect for mine. We have a hard trail ahead of us in trying to Americanize you and your white brothers. But we are not afraid of hard trails."

The Commissioner-elect, in the months that followed, had repeated occasion to realize what lay behind these words.

American history, written by the scribes of the conquerors, has been written as the story of a great European conquest. What was conquered, according to the European historians and their students, was an almost empty land, dotted here and there with wild savages. These children of the wilderness, unable to live alongside civilization, proceeded to disappear as their land was settled. The "vanishing Indian" became the theme of song and folklore, of painting and sculpture, of fiction and of the special sort of fiction that sometimes passes as American history. How far this oft-told story deviates from the truth we are only beginning to discover.

As yet, few Americans and fewer Europeans realize that America is not just a pale reflection of Europe—that what is distinctive about America is Indian, through and through. American cigarettes, chewing gum, rubber balls, popcorn and corn flakes, flapjacks and maple syrup, still make European eyebrows crawl. American disrespect for the authority of parents, presidents and would-be dictators still shocks our European critics. And visitors from the Old World are still mystified when they find no peasants on American soil. But the expressions of pain, surprise and amused superiority that one finds in European accounts of the habits of the "crazy Americans" are not new. One finds them in European reports of American life that are 200 and even 400 years old. All these things, and many things more important in our life today, were distinctively American when the first European immigrants came to these shores.

The American way of life has stood for 400 years and more as a deadly challenge to European ideals of authority and submissive obedience in family life, in love, in school, in work, and in government. For four and a half centuries Government officials have been trying to stop Indians from behaving in un-European ways. Once the battle was to stop Indians from bathing, smoking, and eating potatoes, all of which were supposed to be bad for their bodies and

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souls. In more recent years, our bureaucrats have issued countless orders prohibiting Indians from dancing (except after reaching the age of fifty), feasting, wearing Indian costumes, hunting for sport, traveling for pleasure, or otherwise engaging in the pursuit of happiness. Above all, they have tried to eradicate the Indian habit of sharing food and land with needy neighbors. The Indian Bureau is even now earnestly trying to implement the commandment once enunciated by a distinguished Commissioner of Indian Affairs: "The Indian must be imbued with the exalting egotism of American [rather European] civilization, so that he will say 'I' instead of 'we,' and 'this is mine' instead of 'this is ours.' " Through four centuries the Spanish, English and American Indian Bureaus have tried to turn Indians into submissive peasants. So far they have failed. To that failure we owe much that is precious in our American way of life.

As yet, only a few scholars know that the changes wrought in white life by Indian teachers are far more impressive—even if we measure them by the white man's dollar yardstick—than any changes white teachers have yet brought to Indian life. How many white farmers know that four-sevenths of our national farm produce is of plants domesticated or created by Indian botanists of pre-Columbian times? Take from the agriculture of the New World the great Indian gifts of corn, tobacco, white and sweet potatoes, beans, peanuts, tomatoes, pumpkins, chocolate, American cotton, and rubber, and American life would lose more than half its color and joy as well as more than half its agricultural income. Without these Indian gifts to American agriculture, we might still be back at the level of permanent semi-starvation that kept Europeans for thousands of years ever-ready to sell their freedom for crusts of bread and royal circuses. And if we lost not only the Indian's material gifts, but the gifts of the Indian's spirit as well, perhaps we should be just as willing as Europeans have been to accept crusts of bread and royal circuses for the surrender of our freedom. For it is out of a rich Indian democratic tradition that the distinctive political ideals of American life emerged. Universal suffrage for women as well as for men, the pattern of states within a state that we call federalism, the habit of treating chiefs as servants of the people instead of as their masters, the insistence that the community must respect the

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diversity of men and the diversity of their dreams—all these things were part of the American way of life before Columbus landed.

Even the sole American contribution to the vocabulary of democratic government turns out to be a word borrowed from an Indian language. When Andrew Jackson popularized a word that his Choctaw neighbors always used in their councils to signify agreement with another speaker, the aristocrats he threw out of office, always grasping at a chance to ridicule backwoods illiteracy, accused him of abbreviating and misspelling "All Correct." But O.K. (or okeh, in Choctaw) does not mean "all correct"; it means that we have reached a point where practical agreement is possible, however far from perfection it may lie. And that is an idea which is central in the American idea of government.

When Roman legions conquered Greece, Roman historians wrote with as little imagination as did the European historians who have written of the white man's conquest of America. What the Roman historians did not see was that captive Greece would take captive conquering Rome, and that Greek science, Greek philosophy, and a Greek book known as the *Septuagint*, translated into the Latin tongue, would guide the civilized world and bring the tramp of pilgrim feet to Rome a thousand years after the last Roman regiment was destroyed.

American historians, thinking, like their Roman forebears, of military victories and changing land boundaries, have failed to see that in agriculture, in government, in sport, in education, and in our views of nature and our fellow men, it is the First Americans who have taken captive their battlefield conquerors. Our historians, trained for the most part in Germany and England, have seen America only as an imitation of Europe. They have not seen that American Indians today—who are, despite the prevailing myth of the Vanishing Indian, the most rapidly increasing race in our land—are still teaching America to solve perplexing problems of land-use, education, government and human relations, problems to which Europe never did find adequate answers.

The real epic of America is the yet unfinished story of the Americanization of the White Man, the transformation of the hungry, fear-ridden, intolerant men that came to these shores with Columbus

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and John Smith. Something happened to these immigrants. Some, to be sure, remained European, less hungry, perhaps, but equally intolerant and equally submissive to the authority of rulers and regulations. But some of these immigrants became Americans, tolerant and neighborly, as strong and self-reliant men may be, and for the same reason disrespectful of all authority. To such Americans, a chief who forgets that he is a public servant and tries to tell other people what to do has always been an object of ridicule. American laughter has rippled down the centuries and upset many thrones. And when ridicule and laughter were insufficient, there has always been American blood to finish the job and to conserve for future generations the blessings of liberty.

Not always were the historians of the conqueror entirely blind to what was happening among the settlers of the New World. The contagion of the Indian's love of freedom, which defeated every attempt to establish Indian slavery, and quickly spread to the Indian's white neighbors, was noted in 1776 in a popular account of America, widely circulated in England:

> The darling passion of the American is liberty and that in its fullest extent; nor is it the original natives only to whom this passion is confined; our colonists sent thither seem to have imbibed the same principles.

Something was happening to English colonists who had become accustomed to the voice of authority through centuries of Tudor, Stuart and Plantagenet despotism, accustomed to taking orders, backed by force, in the nursery and the schoolroom, in the workshop and the field, in the choice of dress, mate, occupation and creed. And what was happening to these European colonists in the formative years of our growth as a nation was happening in a land where whites were a small minority. It was to Indian guides that European colonists had to go to learn how to grow corn and tobacco, how to stalk or snare American game, how to travel the Indian trails that laced the American wilderness. And it was from these same Indian guides that European colonists learned other lessons they had not dreamed of learning when they left the Old World.

We need to remember that the Europe that lay behind Columbus as he sailed toward a New World was in many respects less civi-

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lized than the lands that spread before him. Politically, there was nothing in the kingdoms and empires of Europe in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries to parallel the democratic constitution of the Iroquois Confederacy, with its provisions for initiative, referendum and recall, and its suffrage for women as well as men. Socially, there was in the Old World no system of old-age pensions, disability benefits and unemployment insurance comparable to the system of the Incas.

Of what nation, European or Asiatic, in the sixteenth century could one have written as the historian Prescott wrote of the Incas:

> Their manifold provisions against poverty . . . were so perfect that in their wide extent of territory—much of it smitten with the curse of barrenness—no man, however humble, suffered for the want of food and clothing.

Out of America came the vision of a Utopia, where all men might be free, where government might rest upon the consent of the governed, rather than upon the divine right of kings, where no man could be dispossessed of the land he used for his sustenance. The vision that came to that great modern saint and legal philosopher, Thomas More, with the first reports he had from Amerigo Vespucci and other explorers of the New World—the vision of a democratic society in which a forty-hour work week left time to enjoy life, in which even the humblest worker could afford to have windows in his home to let in the sunlight—this vision lived on. When More's eyes became dim on the tyrant's scaffold that Henry the Eighth erected for his chancellor, the gleam that had lightened them had become a proud possession of a whole generation and of many generations to follow.

Thomas More had seen something that no tyrant and no dictatorship could wipe out.

No despotism afterwards could escape the fatal comparison between what is and what might be. And even those who, like Adam Smith and Jeremy Bentham, ridiculed all Utopias, ended up by formulating Utopias of their own. In these and many other ways, Indian America helped to civilize Europe.

To Francisco Vitoria, teacher of moral theology at the University of Salamanca, in 1532, reports from the New World showed

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the possibility of basing international dealings on reason and mutual accommodation, and thus provided the foundations for an international law not limited by a single religious faith. And when Hugo Grotius picked up the threads of Vitoria's thought to weave the fabric of modern international law, he too was deeply influenced by Indian examples of just government. To John Locke, the champion of tolerance and of the right of revolution, the state of nature and of natural equality to which men might appeal in rebellion against tyranny was set not in a remote dawn of history but beyond the Atlantic sunset. And so, too, Montaigne, Montesquieu, Voltaire, Rousseau and their various contemporaries found in the democracy of native America, in the "liberty, equality, fraternity" of the Indians, a light for suffering humanity, a flame in which to burn away the dross of ancient despotisms. In the American Revolution, in the French Revolution, and in the revolt of the Spanish Colonies, the passion for liberty nourished by the Indian burst into consuming flame.

On the shores of Brazil, in 1497, there was no Statue of Liberty with its inscribed message to Europe: "Send me your . . . struggling masses yearning to be free." But in almost the first report to Europe from the American continent, Amerigo Vespucci, shipwrecked on the coast of Brazil, reported on the hospitality of the natives: "Seeing that the aforesaid ship was rent asunder, they went out in their little boats . . . carried ashore the men and the munitions which were contained therein, with charity so great it is impossible to describe." For four centuries white Americans continued this tradition of hospitality toward the stranger, and those ports which were most hospitable became the most prosperous.

Is it any wonder that the greatest teachers of American democracy have gone to school with the Indian?

Were not the first common councils of the American Colonies, the Council of Lancaster in 1744 and the famous Albany Congress of 1754, councils called for the purpose of treating with the Iroquois Confederacy, whose leaders were unwilling to treat separately with the various quarreling Colonies? It was the great Iroquois Chief Canasatego who advised the Colonial governors meeting at Lancaster in 1744:

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Our Wise forefathers established Union and Amity between the Five Nations. This has made us formidable; this has given us great Weight and Authority with our neighboring Nations. We are a powerful Confederacy; and *by your observing the same Methods, our Wise Forefathers have taken, you will acquire such Strength and power. Therefore whatever befalls you, never fall out with one another.*

The advice of Canasatego was eagerly taken up by Benjamin Franklin.

It would be a strange thing [he advised the Albany Congress] if Six Nations of ignorant savages should be capable of forming a scheme for such an union and be able to execute it in such a manner that it has subsisted ages and appears indissoluble, and yet that a like union should be impracticable for ten or a dozen English colonies, to whom it is more necessary and must be more advantageous, and who cannot be supposed to want an equal understanding of their interest.

The author of the American Declaration of Independence and of our first bill of rights freely acknowledged his debt to Indian teachers. Comparing the freedom of Indian society with the oppression of European society, Thomas Jefferson struck the keynote of the great American experiment in democracy:

Imperfect as this species of coercion may seem, crimes are very rare among them [the Indians of Virginia]; so much that were it made a question, whether no law, as among the savage Americans, or too much law, as among the civilized Europeans, submits man to the greatest evil, one who has seen both conditions of existence would pronounce it to be the last; and that the sheep are happier of themselves, than under the care of the wolves. It will be said, that great societies cannot exist without government. The savages, therefore, break them into small ones.

Here Jefferson put his finger on the quality that distinguishes American attitudes toward government from continental attitudes. The caution against aggrandizement of governmental power, the preference for local self-government even though it seem less efficient, the trust in the ability of good neighbors to settle their own problems by mutual accommodation without totalitarian rule—these are enduring elements of our American democracy.

The theory of American democracy is based upon the premise that self-government is better than expert government. The theory

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was simply stated by President Jefferson in his discussion with the Cherokees on forms of government. "The fool," he said, "has as great a right to express his opinion by vote as the wise, because he is equally free and equally master of himself." Here was an idea that, however it might have shocked Plato or Aristotle or Machiavelli, was not strange to the Cherokee chiefs. For they, like the chiefs of many other Indian tribes, would again and again refuse to make decisions for their people until the decision had been thoroughly thrashed out in the councils of the people and approved by majority, or, more commonly, by unanimous agreement. This characteristic of Indian leadership, often so annoying to white administrators who want swift decisions from Indian leaders, has been a sustaining source of strength to Indian democracy. Who shall say that this deference to the public will is not the greatest achievement of American political leadership, and the greatest lesson that the Americas may teach to lands less free beyond the seas?

Measurement is difficult in the realm of political theories: those accustomed to the histories of the conqueror will hardly be convinced, though example be piled on example, that American democracy, freedom and tolerance are more American than European and have deep aboriginal roots in our land. But measurement is easier in the field of agriculture. And here the disparagers of Indian life are up against the hard fact that the larger part of the agricultural output of the United States, and of all America, consists of plants domesticated by the Indian. Irish potatoes, Turkish tobacco, India rubber, Egyptian cotton—what are all these but Indian products disguised with respectable Old World names?

Significantly enough, the products of Indian agriculture were resisted as bitterly in the Old World as were the ideas of democracy, liberty and tolerance that floated back to Europe from the New World. The bitterness of this resistance is evidenced by the cut-off ears and noses of German peasants who for centuries refused, despite all punishments, to eat potatoes, and by the dire penalties inflicted from England to India upon smokers of tobacco. Down to recent decades the tomato, or love apple, was regarded by most Europeans as poisonous. Gradually a few of the agricultural achievements of Indian America have become accepted by the rest

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of the world. But is there any reason to think that this process of give-and-take is at an end? The rediscovery of an old Indian dish, toasted corn flakes, not many years ago revolutionized the breakfast habits of the United States. We have just increased America's corn crop by 40 per cent by rediscovering the Indian preference for hybrid corn.

In medicine, as in the production of food and textiles, the conventional picture of the Indian as an ignorant savage is very far from the truth. Until a few years ago most of America's contributions to medical science were of Indian origin. Quinine, cocaine, cascara sagrada, ipecac, witch hazel, oil of wintergreen, petroleum jelly, arnica—all these and many other native medicines were known and developed by the medical profession in America long before the first white physician landed on American shores. In fact each of these products was denounced by learned European doctors before it became accepted into the normal pharmacopoeia. And it is interesting to note that in the 400 years that European physicians and botanists have been examining and analyzing the flora of America, they have not yet discovered a medicinal herb not known to the Indians.

These are material things that can be counted and measured. They constitute tangible refutation of the slander that the Indian did not know how to make use of his land and its resources until the white conqueror taught him. But to limit one's gaze to these materials is not only to lose sight of the intangibles of American life but even to miss the human significance of these material things. For corn, as countless Indian generations have known, is not simply a thing. It is a way of life. Corn, reproducing itself three hundredfold, without benefit of horse or plow—where plowed fields of wheat or rye produce only twentyfold or thirtyfold—is a sturdy friend of freedom. The frontiersman who would not accept a burdensome government could take a sack of seed corn on his shoulders into the wilderness in the spring, and after three months he might be reasonably assured against hunger for the rest of his life. No such path to freedom, no such check upon the growth of tyranny, was ever open to growers of wheat or rye or rice.

Oklahoma is full of stories of the Green Corn Rebellion. But really the Green Corn Rebellion has been an annual event in Ameri-

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can life for thousands of years. Down through the centuries, every American spring has seen men and women in rebellion against petty tyrannies and dictatorships of nation or city, hamlet or household. Independent souls have gone out with sacks of seed corn to win their own independence. Long before 1776, Americans were celebrating Independence Day, the green corn festival in July, when the most bountiful of all man-made harvests assures independence from the fear of hunger, and from all the other fears that hungry men acquire when they sell control of their lives for protection from hunger.

"Tomahawk Rights" and "Corn Titles" are the terms that were once applied to American frontier homesteads. But the tomahawk rights and corn titles are far older than the white man's homestead laws. American pioneers were following an old Indian pattern when they went into the wilderness, chopped down trees or girdled them with their tomahawks, planted their corn among the stumps, and claimed possession by right of use and occupancy. The whole economic history of rural America has been a struggle between the feudal land tenures of Europe, glorifying the absentee owner, the man on horseback, on the one hand, and on the other, the Indian land tenure, where land right is the fruit of use and occupancy.

What is the great American contribution to the law of property? Is it not the homestead system, the grant of land rights based on use and occupancy, and the protection of the homestead against levy, execution and taxes? Does not this represent the triumph on our soil of the Indian landholding pattern, just as in lands south of the Rio Grande a restoration of the Ejido and the breakdown of the old feudal hacienda system represent the long-delayed triumph of native land patterns, the triumph of tenure by the hoe over tenure by the sword?

And does not the great American melodrama of the past two centuries faithfully celebrate the triumph of innocence and home ownership over the mortgage-holding villain? The hero of the melodrama has had many names. Most recently he has been called HOLC or FHA. But always the audience has cheered the right of a man to hold his own home against creditors, sheriffs and villains. And the theme goes back four and a half centuries to Amerigo Vespucci, who reported that in America, where "every one is his own master,"

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men's rights in the land they lived on were sacred and inalienable.

Because the Indian attitude to land emphasized the duty of loving care, rather than the right to alienate or collect rents, which was the mark of property rights in feudal Europe, it seemed to Vespucci that here was no real property; and More, who incorporated whole phrases of Vespucci's account in his *Utopia,* wrote of his ideal commonwealth: "They count themselves rather the good husbands, than the owners of their lands." (*Utopia,* Bk. II)

Even the lowly Indian (Irish) potato revolutionized European history. First, it banished the fear of hunger from millions of European homes. For a farm family that would starve on four acres of wheat or rye could thrive and multiply on an acre of potatoes. The introduction of the white potato resulted in an unprecedented rise in the standard of living of Europe and the British Isles, and ultimately laid the basis for a great growth in population density and a vast expansion of commerce and industry.

Tobacco, too, carried with it a way of life. The pipe of peace is an enduring symbol of the invitation to relaxation and contentment that makes poor men rich.

If American agriculture today is predominantly Indian in its origin, may not the same be true of less tangible aspects of the life that our agriculture sustains? Consider, for example, the love of nature which is institutionalized in our athletics, in our boy scout movement, and in our vacation habits. In the Europe of Columbus, bathing was a sinful indulgence. One of Queen Isabella's first instructions to her agents who sought to civilize the Indians in 1503 was: "They are not to bathe as frequently as hitherto." Less than 200 years ago it was a misdemeanor in Boston to take a bath except when prescribed by a physician. In the Europe of Columbus' day, group athletic contests were practically unknown; and the color of white paste or swansdown was an essential part, according to the poets, of the European aristocratic ideal of feminine beauty. The millions of dollars spent every year by American vacationists, men and women, on resort beaches, acquiring the golden tan of an Indian skin, is the best tangible evidence of the way in which the Indian's love of sun and water, of bodily beauty, cleanliness and athletic prowess, in both sexes, has become a part of the American soul.

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"During his second visit to South America," the *Encyclopedia Britannica* tells us, "Columbus was astonished to see the native Indians amusing themselves with a black, heavy ball made from a vegetable gum. Later explorers were equally impressed by these balls, and an historian of the time remarked that they rebounded so much that they appeared alive."

What has happened to these balls? You will find them all across the face of America, on tennis courts and football fields, in basketball courts no different from the basketball courts uncovered in ancient cities like Mitla, in Mexican Oaxaca. You will find them in baseball parks, on sandlots, and on the sidewalks of our teeming cities. You will find them tied with rubber strings to little girls' fingers.

The sports of pre-Columbian Europe revolved chiefly about killing—killing of stags, bears, birds, fish, bulls, foxes and human beings, with and without armor. Those sports that did not involve actual killing, such as archery, were at least concerned with practice for it. To this day a sportsman, in Europe, is one who kills for pleasure rather than for food or profit. Indian America substituted the rubber balls that "rebounded so much that they appeared alive." The Indian games out of which our national games have evolved are not always recognizable today, but the spirit of group sport and team play that was cultivated in pre-Columbian America still offers a peaceful outlet for combative instincts that in other lands find bloodier forms of expression. And millions of white tourists and vacationists—whether or not they use such Indian inventions as teepees, moccasins, canoes, rubber balls, hammocks, pack baskets, tump lines, toboggans and snow shoes, and whether or not they munch chocolate, peanuts or popcorn, chew gum or smoke tobacco —are learning what the Indians knew centuries ago: the peace and adventure of the trail and the camp fire. The white man, having conquered America, is just beginning to learn how to enjoy it.

Is there anything more characteristically American than the pursuit of happiness that is enshrined in our Declaration of Independence, institutionalized in our national park system, our boy scout movement, our athletic sports, our national worship of sun and air and water?

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Acculturation, unlike assimilation, is not a one-way street. The American Indian has learned many things from his white teacher. But does not every great teacher carry away from his students more than he brought to them?

It is easier to talk about the past than about the future. But it is the future that really interests us, and the point that most needs making is that we still have much to learn from the Indian. There is still much that we can take from the Indian to enrich ourselves without impoverishing the Indian. We have not by any means exhausted the great harvest of Indian inventions and discoveries in agriculture, government, medicine, sport, education and craftsmanship. Can we be sure that we have nothing to learn from the Indian techniques in law that leading American legal scholars like Professor Llewellyn are finding so rich a source of insight for our own jurisprudence? Are we sure that we have nothing to learn from Indian techniques of government, techniques which in some tribes and pueblos have established political unanimity, a government truly based on the consent of the governed—not for a moment, a month, or a year, but for unbroken centuries?

Beginning in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Indians bargaining over land sales won for themselves rights that white Americans would win many years or many decades afterwards—the right to protection in homesteads against forced sales and taxes, the right to free schools and vocational training, to free public health facilities; and the rights of public credit, social security (in the form of food and clothing) against times of distress, and freedom from imprisonment for debt and other monstrosities of white man's law. And year after year, assimilationists have cried out in horror, asking the abolition of these peculiarities that "set the Indian apart," while year after year white men were winning similar advantages for themselves. The more white men take on of Indian political customs, the more important becomes the role of the Indian as a teacher, and the more grotesque becomes the stereotype of Indian degradation with its threadbare corollary that we who have civilized the Indian have earned the right to take his lands, minerals, timber and fisheries in payment.

Pure selfishness—so rare a commodity—would suggest that be

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fore we destroy the Indian and his way of life by seizing his last remaining resources, we should make sure that we have run through all the gifts of Indian agriculture, medicine and sport. In the field of child care, for example, one of the great forward scientific movements at the present time takes off from the simple observation that Indian babies, brought up in traditional ways, rarely cry or stutter. Psychiatrists, pediatricians and hospital administrators are now experimenting with substituting Indian methods of child training for the rigid schedules and formulas that have controlled the antiseptic babies of the last few decades.

Life after all is a pretty complicated business. There is a good deal about it that none of us understands. Customs as horrible, at first sight, as burning weeds and inhaling the smoke sometimes turn out to have a universal appeal. None of us knows enough about the other fellow's way of life to have a right to wipe it out. We are not gods to make other men in our own image. Is it not in our own best selfish interest to let our fellow men plant their corn and cultivate it as they think best, while we watch and learn? When we have gathered the last golden grain of knowledge from the harvest of the Indian summer, then we can talk about Americanizing the Indian. Until then, we might do better to concentrate our attention on the real job of the New World, the job of Americanizing the white man.

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Spring Burial

JAMES WHELDEN

In Spring the thawing ground is broken mostly—
Of course—by sprouts, but also new buildings
Go up from cellar holes, and in most rural
Towns the corpses of those who died in Winter
Are finally interred, there having been
In Winter in such towns no easy means
To crack the frigid sod. So Spring's a time
Of burial, of hers and Winter's waste,
Though death kept constancy with each. In season
The customs, achievements, laws and arts of man
Are also made to die. And this may mean
In men a wretched time, a kind of Winter
Of the soul, denying burial and birth,
A putting of small trust in generation
As if convinced perpetual Winter's come
To keep death undecayed and sweet as life,
To freeze the future to familiar shape:
Non-protean; non-herculean.

✪ This is JAMES WHELDEN's first published poem. He is a graduate of Dartmouth College and Boston University Graduate School, A.M.

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The Intercollegiate Athletic Scandals

ALBERT E. LUMLEY

As a result of scandals in intercollegiate athletics, gamblers and players have been sent to jail; students have been dismissed from school; college presidents, other administrators, and coaches have lost their jobs. To my mind it is time for careful analysis of the problem in social terms if amateur athletics are to be saved and the real benefits of intercollegiate athletics are to be retained by our colleges and universities. Yet in this situation, the chief comment to be heard from college and university officials is "hush-hush." Trustees, presidents and faculties are so busy looking innocent or embarrassed that they are fumbling the ball in a championship game; yet we shall see that only college presidents are in a position to institute action. (However, any action attempted will create considerable pressure from groups of alumni and well-meaning friends of the college. It will even be difficult for the president to align his own faculty behind a constructive policy. Faculty members are by the very nature of their profession reluctant to assume authority in this field, yet they too have a large measure of responsibility for activities in all departments of the college.)

What I have to say may be dismissed as a coach's view of the situation—which it is. Moreover, I am a track coach in a small college definitely not in big time athletics. But I do have a wide acquaintance with this problem, and perhaps not being directly involved, I can speak out more boldly than those coaches in large institutions who are among the victims of the existing situation. I feel that I have been fortunate to have taught at Oberlin College and

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Amherst College, where coaches are encouraged to promote clean athletics at all levels without pressure.

Two questions demand attention:

I. What are the facts?

II. Who can act to alter them?

No attempt will be made to name specific individuals and places. To cite particular abuses would involve pages of documentation for each case.

I

It is a fact that some colleges pay regular salaries to athletes. Many promise and produce board, room, tuition, books, clothing and incidental expenses. Some colleges employ men on their faculty whose major duty seems to be to keep the incoming freshman class filled with "horses" (athletes for athletic "slots" on college teams). It is not uncommon for outstanding high school athletes to receive as many as twenty letters offering them scholarships in one form or another. Frequently these letters are from faculty members, and they are often written on official college or departmental stationery.

Professional baseball teams are now morally obliged to leave high school athletes alone, while the colleges bid more or less openly for their services. It seems unlikely that the professional teams will allow this condition to exist in the future.

Sometimes young instructors who do not give passing grades to athletes are found "unsatisfactory" by the ungrateful institution whose standards they were attempting to uphold. Other teachers are cajoled or coerced into giving higher marks than those deserved to students with athletic ability. In a few institutions academic records are altered before admission to the college and after the student is enrolled. There are evidences of professional and semi-professional scouts being hired by colleges to "beat the bushes" for athletes. Some alumni groups furnish financial aid to individual college athletes. Wealthy individuals who chip in generously to buy athletes are held in special esteem by groups of alumni.

A few colleges set up drawing accounts for special athletes; accounts which include all possible expenses plus many kinds of "incidentals." Scholarships are frequently granted to athletes with ques-

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tionable academic records, thereby diverting funds which should be used to assist worthy students. Another "educational" device is to send athletes to preparatory schools and pay the total bill as well as to offer these same boys an all-expense education, provided, of course, that they agree to attend the particular college involved. There are instances of college athletes refusing to sign contracts with professional teams because they cannot afford to lose a fat income by becoming professionals.

There is evidence of collaboration between college admission policy chairmen, coaches and alumni with regard to the hiring of athletes. There are men on college faculties who work in close cooperation with the representatives of professional teams. A few recent scandals furnish evidence that professional gamblers have contacts within the undergraduate college community. Many colleges play contests away from college property where the professional promoters and gamblers are actively interested in both the final scores and gate receipts. Some athletes are given sets of tickets by college authorities—tickets which are then sold to alumni or to professional scalpers for appreciable sums of money. We also find that some college athletic teams are directly supported by taverns, race tracks, palestra or stadium owners, professional teams or clubs, and gambling interests. There are examples of college "charity" contests being promoted for "charity" organizations which in turn pay the salaries of college "charity" players. Post-season games have produced large bonuses for many amateur college athletes.

Parents feel that their children should have a chance to participate on amateur college teams and get a good education at the same time. Yet some colleges do not allow men to play on their teams unless they accept regular pay! We are also faced with the fact that some parents shop for their sons and sell them to the highest bidder. There are parents who have accepted large sums of money as a down payment for enrolling their son in institution X. It is also common practice in these deals for institution X to pay a monthly salary to the parents as long as their boy stays in college.

Athletically powerful colleges can be found that have "farm" systems made up of high schools, preparatory schools, and other colleges. These college farm teams are usually smaller and weaker,

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but they use the overflow from the "master" college by paying a lesser amount to the individual athlete. Such schemes can be compared with the farms of the big leagues in professional baseball. If a third, fourth or fifth ranking man for an athletic slot is to be shifted to a farm college, an agreement is reached to keep his salary paid in full, to prevent him from exposing the system because of a pay cut. If an athlete is to be transferred to a large, high-paying master college from a farm school, the deal is as follows: large down payment, palms greased along the line, and an offer of a higher monthly payment to the athlete.

Probably some college presidents are not aware of the activities of outside organizations which pay large sums of money to "amateur" athletes within their institutions. They certainly do know that college athletic activities are overemphasized to the detriment of other physical, social and academic pursuits, and they are lax in supporting physical education for those who need it. Many colleges employ from six to sixteen men in the coaching of a football squad of less than eighty students, while the mass of college boys are left to the care of one or two teachers of physical education or to their own devices.

It is not good educational practice to ignore those who need improved bodily skills, physical development, or the fun of playing, in order to concentrate on making specialists out of those students who are already physically superior. It is difficult to believe that star athletes always find time enough to assimilate an education, and specialization in athletic procedures has never produced well-rounded graduates in the tradition of our liberal arts colleges.

II

Athletic associations of colleges and sectional conferences are not able or willing to pass new rules that might have teeth in them. Faculty representatives at meetings of these associations and conferences are not really in a position to investigate their own institutions, since they are usually coaches or athletic directors, with a stake in holding the line. In only a very few cases do they really represent the academic faculty.

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Although there are minorities among the general public who are shocked by the existing professionalism in college athletics, a major part of our problem is that *winning* teams (without regard to the methods of winning) have been demanded. This situation is further promoted by newspapers, radio and television, alumni groups, and vested financial interests.

One might hope that college faculties could meet the problem, because in most institutions they are responsible for the academic life of the college in such details as admission, scholarship, grades, class cuts, and the content of courses. However, most have simply ignored this responsibility, so far as intercollegiate athletes are concerned. There are many college faculties now giving academic credit for sub-standard courses. This is particularly true of courses in physical education, and in education, which college faculties have been forced to approve.

College coaches have been credited with promoting the present athletic situation, but the question of their responsibility is far from clear. They are hired by administrators to teach skills and coach teams, and are subject to general and specific administrative policy. As coaches they are expected to win games—and no one, especially the college administration, wants to know exactly how they get their players. Quite a few "educational" institutions still hire men to coach their teams (usually on seasonal appointments) who have by no stretch of imagination qualifications for participating in an educational process. This type of teacher in some instances is responsible for giving high grades in athletic courses for academic credit, thereby allowing questionable students to remain eligible. I believe, however, that most college coaches could be counted on to place the interests of the whole student body above all other duties, if they were given adequate leadership. But they are, in my opinion, often powerless to act against administrative and alumni pressures.

There is much evidence that administrators, faculties and trustees duck their separate responsibilities while waiting for one of the other groups to act. They must accept their responsibility. When this step has been taken, definitive administrative action can be taken to cure our patient, or at least to operate for the removal of cancerous parts.

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Only with top authority could the detailed abuses of each institution be uncovered. The president himself must:

1. Conduct a personal investigation into the allocation of college scholarship funds to all individual letter and numeral winners. When this is done, he should compare this group of award winners with a control group of non-athletic students with the same academic averages.

2. Conduct a personal interview with each athlete to collect factual first-hand information. He should find out how much money, or its equivalent, the athlete or his parents are receiving from the alumni, friends of the college, or other sources. These sums should be added to those uncovered in Item 1. The administrator should also ask the student:

A. What campus jobs do you hold?
B. What are you paid?
C. What do you do in the summer months?
D. Have you ever competed for money?
E. Do you file an income tax report?
F. How many offers of financial aid did you receive before entering college?
G. Who made these offers?
H. Were the offers in writing?
I. May I have these letters for study and action?

If college administrators have in themselves, or in their alumni, trustee groups or faculty, the moral stamina to conduct such a study, the results will be startling. Instances of corruption and subsidization will be uncovered that call for prompt action. In matters of this kind, example is a powerful influence, and if some institutions have the moral courage to tackle the problem in the open, others will be led to a sane policy.

Perhaps the time may come when the horses will be led off the playing fields, and their places taken by schoolboys playing for the fun of the game. Most coaches would welcome that. I think most other interested persons, excepting gamblers, would welcome it too.

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The Scholarly Publishing Problem

HENRY M. SILVER

STATEMENTS about scholarly publishing are necessarily subjective. There are few hard cold facts, and these are wrapped up and then wrapped again with opinion. Probably this is unavoidable. If I have a manuscript I cannot peddle, I have a problem. You may not agree. You may think that the problem begins only if my efforts are successful. A statistical compromise between us on this point would be improbable. However, here is the story of an attempt to find objective answers to these questions: Do we have a scholarly publishing problem? If we do, of what sort is it?

Since it is easier to get at facts about learned journals than about scholarly book publication, a start was made with them, and letters were sent to twenty editors of leading periodicals in the humanities and the social sciences. "Do you get more material offered than you can publish?" they were asked first. Then: "If so, do you get more *good* material offered than you can publish?"

Of the twenty only two said they had ever been obliged to turn down a *good* article, one because he must maintain balance among several points of view, another because he has been put on short rations by his publisher. The majority opinion was well expressed in these succinct terms: "I would say (1) that there is a lot of unpublished material, and (2) that there is not a lot of *good* unpublished material, but perhaps just about enough to keep the *Journal* filled."

Most of the answers were long and thought-provoking. It became apparent how important that word *good* is, and how unsatisfactory it is, too. But unless one is willing to say that everything a scholar writes should be published, it must be introduced. Most readers will

✪ Until recently HENRY M. SILVER has been adviser on publications to the American Council of Learned Societies. Prior to this work, he was affiliated with the Columbia University Press. A previous article, "The Conservative University Press," was published in the Spring, 1949, issue of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR.

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accept this; the question is how far to push it. In theory a relentless application of ever higher standards will reduce any publishing problem. And to object to a raising of standards may seem very eccentric. But whether the result would be wholesome is another matter. There is always Nietzsche's troubling statement, "The good generally displeases us when it is beyond our ken."

Since, however, the matter has to be faced up to, here is how one editor classifies material offered him. Whether or not the others use this system, it must be present in the back of their minds—or, at least, one like it.

Grade A: exciting new discovery, or exciting new interpretation of existing material; something that will really make a difference to scholarship. I would give such an article immediate priority, regardless of the size of the backlog.

Grade B: discovery or interpretation which is important and useful, but not exciting.

Grade C: routine chewing-over of (sometimes old) existing material. Grades B and C are in bulk about equal; in my more depressed moments I think that C predominates . . . but I am not sure.

Grade D: unsuitable.

Several editors stressed the point made under A above, that first-rate contributions go immediately to the top of the heap. One said, "Whenever we can lay hands on good or excellent material, we shall try to push it into print as early as possible." One must conclude that the scholar who writes a really first-rate article need not worry about getting it into print; the editor will be happy to co-operate. Hence, one may reason, with this fact any realistic survey comes to an end. No one interested in the health of scholarship would insist that material of the second grade get publication. As Leo Spitzer put it in the February, 1951, *PMLA*, "Every inconsequential or mediocre article accepted by our journals creates a further precedent for the acceptance of still more inconsequential or mediocre articles."

Unfortunately it is not so simple as all that, mainly because publishing is creative. People who like to wrap problems up in neat bundles fall afoul of this difficulty. One editor speaks specifically about it: "One final comment concerning what you mean by *good* unpublished material. Critics here have a great advantage over

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scholars, because of the present emphasis being put on presentation. I believe, too, that articles should be well written, but cannot bring myself to believe that some very valuable material loses its value because of unskillful presentation." If this editor has a case, a survey which became two-dimensional when the word *good* was introduced may have to become three-dimensional through the need to consider that which is only potentially good. And of course here is the very pith of the matter. Editors don't spend all of their time rejecting or accepting. They spend much of their time in salvage operations. Their primary problem, in view of other commitments, is to define the point of diminishing returns. They receive raw material instead of finished material. Perhaps a man who edits (often without remuneration) a journal written by scholars for scholars has a right to expect finished material. But it certainly does not seem that he gets it regularly.

"It is one of my opinions that . . . are too wordy for their own good. Most of the manuscripts which I receive could be equally well put, far better from my own point of view, in not over half the number of words. The rest is just fill and not very good fill at that. . . . It is *almost* one of my opinions," the same editor goes on to say, "that the people who howl about lack of space for publication have little to offer that deserves publication." With the second part of this statement most editors would not go all the way. But almost all seem to be conscious of a struggle with factors which have no proper place within the sphere of editorial responsibility. One remarks, "A great problem in the scholarly publication field is the pressure put on faculty members by their universities to publish as a condition of appointment or promotion. This is a root difficulty underlying 'rushing into print' and submitting papers of no great moment." Another adds, "Since many administrators put great pressure to publish on people who really have nothing to say, there are still too many mediocre articles being written. [In fact,] sometimes editors are pressed to publish articles for what you might call humanitarian reasons."

At this point we had better pause and take stock. If we follow these leads we shall soon be so far away from the adequacy of learned journals to handle the traffic we may never get back. If there

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is pressure, economic pressure at base, on scholars to write when they have nothing to say, or at a pace which precludes refinement of the product, that is something we shall have to ignore here. Similarly we shall have to ignore the fact that scholars often write poorly. It is bad. If nothing else, it is wasteful. Certainly it is hard on editors. But we are concerned here with whether or not original articles, either good to begin with or made good by editorial surgery, are produced in greater quantity than our journals can take.

"One thing I have noted," says one editor, "is that improving the quality of a journal seems to invite an increased number of submitted articles, for we have had increasingly more to select from. Of course," he carefully adds, "other factors may be at work." One of these factors may be backwash from a possible related problem in the field of books. Another speaks of this specifically: "There is also the problem of monographs and of essays longer than most journals are able to use. . . . I know of a fair number of normally productive men who have ideas for short books of a hundred or so pages but hesitate to write them for fear that no one will be interested in printing them. . . . The result is a falling back on articles." Perhaps some will find this all to the good, since it may tend to diminish the "fill" a previous editor mentioned; however, the editor quoted is sure that "as contrasted with journal articles, books . . . circulate much more widely," and are "likely to be reviewed"—although just when is dubious, since this same man says at another place that he does indeed wish he could have another sixteen pages per issue. If he had them he would devote them to reviews.

The matter of whether we benefit or lose by having longer manuscripts compressed into articles is much debated. One man speaks in approving terms of periodical articles representing "the cream skimmed off." But here again we are skirting a subject which must be avoided if we are not to go off the track. How far compression can be carried—at least in the humanities—without the juices being lost is important. But this, too, is properly an editorial problem, and not one of traffic management. "On the whole our best scholarship still tends to be confined to journals, at least to a much greater extent than is true either in Britain or on the Continent." Whether to label this cause or effect will be left to the reader's discretion.

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To sum up: the cup is full but not yet overflowing except in trickles. "In recent years our experience has been that we can publish about one manuscript out of every five received. With respect to the rejected material, I should say that a minor fraction of it might well deserve publication by some standards. Nevertheless, I seldom feel any unhappiness about returning any of the rejected manuscripts since what we do publish just about exhausts what, by our standards, can be called really high-class material for publication." That seems to be the concensus. Nevertheless, if the boiler has not burst, there is plenty of pressure; the backlog is spoken of in feeling terms. "We have about 200 pages—that is, estimated printed pages—of manuscript ahead," says one. Another refers to a now lifted moratorium in certain areas as the only "way that we could catch up on the material in those fields." One editor has a policy of no backlog, although this must be difficult to maintain. The usual practice is "never to reject anything simply for lack of space: if it's acceptable on its own merits, it gets in, though it may have to wait for more than a year to come out." There is room for discussion on this point, but we shall have to push on. "A backlog of eight to nine months," says another editor. "Right now I have enough articles on hand to keep . . . running until the middle of 1952," adds a colleague. "The backlog will get bigger and bigger" . . . "Contributors sometimes have to wait nine to twelve months for publication" . . . "We can no longer promise publication of a newly accepted article in a period less than a year" . . . "We definitely could use a good deal more space than we have and use it profitably"—these comments show how slim the margin of safety is.

Scholarship is well served by these editors. Their letters reflect their absorption not merely with the technical side of an editor's job, but also with what can only be called a scholarly editor's duty. To mention, for example, the European scholar's need to find space in our journals, even though such contributions, prepared for the more easy-going European printer, are often painful mechanically. In general the editors relish their work and are optimistic. "The field is still full of unsolved problems, and we do have able scholars working on them," is a note often struck; and where pessimism comes in, it is only over the ability of the periodical to continue its present pace.

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In the original letter to editors, there was no mention about longer manuscripts, but nevertheless eight of the twenty referred to them with frustration. This was true whether the longer manuscripts referred to were book-length, or simply too long for a periodical which has to watch its pennies.

"Longer articles have very little chance of publication unless the author belongs to some of the more favored institutions which have subsidized publication series."

"The situation is worst with regard to book-length publications: such things are just about impossible to publish unless the author himself shells out the money."

"The great publication need in the scholarly field, as I see it, is financial assistance for printing monographs."

"We have two accepted manuscripts awaiting publication and held up only for lack of funds. I know of at least two others we would probably publish if we had the money."

"I am reasonably convinced that . . . we do need better facilities for publishing longer pieces of work. I happen to know myself of two excellent books . . . which at present have no chance of getting published. . . ."

Three editors not directly quoted referred to excellent dissertations which they felt did not have the ghost of a chance for publication. This, in Mr. Kipling's words, is another story.

One curious thing about these eight editors, and it may not be a coincidence, is that all eight are housed in or at independent universities. Scholarly publishing is being better supported in the state university than at the private institution, and the reason is plain: money. Money is just as important to scholarly publishing as gasoline to the internal combustion engine, and for about the same reason.

Recently the director of the Cornell University Press held a series of lectures on printing and publishing for graduate students, the first of several such series which the Association of American University Presses, together with the American Council of Learned Societies, is sponsoring, and which, at various institutions, ought to go a long way toward giving the graduate student better foreknowledge of an important part of his trade—at least if it is true that "pressure [is] put on faculty members by their universities to publish

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as a condition of appointment or promotion." After the lectures were over, the director was asked if the students "realized that on the whole specialized scholarly publishing loses money and that this money has to be made up from somewhere?" His reply was "No. They believe that God and the Press will provide." That at least money must be provided from some source if the average specialized scholarly title is to appear is apparent from the history of books published from 1935 to 1949 with the aid of grants given by the Carnegie Corporation for distribution by the ACLS.

Data have been collected on 184 titles published by seven learned societies and ten university presses. The amount of the grants was $187,638.00, or just over $1,000 per title. Total investment, including overhead, was an estimated $849,269.42, against which a sum of about $508,104.40 has been returned from sales—just under 60 per cent. This will be somewhat increased as time goes by, but it will not be increased to anything like 100 per cent. Perhaps 70 per cent is a good guess as to the eventual maximum return. Any system of business which returns seventy cents for each one hundred spent will be under pressure, in particular during times when the financial water table is falling.

To return to our two questions: Are more book-length scholarly manuscripts being offered than can be published? Eight editors say yes. In addition, at least sixteen university presses say yes, too. Possibly others would echo this, but data can be cited on only sixteen. From July 1, 1948, to June 30, 1949, these sixteen presses reported they were forced to turn down 114 manuscripts which they would gladly have published if funds—$272,650—had been available. Many of our largest presses were not included in this report. If they had been, the totals would undoubtedly have been much larger.

It is regrettable we have no other statistics than these. One of the curious things about scholarly publishing is the blunt contradictions into which one is continually running. Consider this statement, by Wilbur Kitchener Jordan, a college president who was at one time director of a large university press: "I think I can say categorically that so far as my knowledge goes I have never seen a manuscript, carefully edited and written, making an original, even though a minor, contribution to knowledge, not ultimately pub-

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lished without expense to the author, though three or four years may have elapsed before the money was found." You consider this straightforward statement, to be found in *A Handbook for College Teachers*, published in 1950, and you are brought up short. Who is right? One is forced to conclude that when good men disagree so markedly we lack facts. Can the contradiction be resolved, perhaps, by our second question, which in this case might be applied to those 114 manuscripts? How many of them were *good?* All of them obviously were publishable. But how many were *good?*

I certainly don't know. How can you weigh what you don't have? If the sixteen presses wanted to publish them, it certainly means that in the files on each manuscript are favorable reader reports, and from experts. The 184 titles published with the aid of the ACLS-Carnegie Corporation grants were not only approved by the publishers (grants were given only to publishers, never to authors) but were approved all over again by an ACLS committee. All titles (with trifling exceptions) then proceeded to lose money, many of them handsomely. Doubtless if a committee of demi-gods were to examine the program with the aid of hindsight it might conclude that some of the titles are not so good as they once seemed, but if so this would only prove the fallibility of man, which hardly needs proving.

Certain assertions must be made. Specialized scholarly books lose money. Good scholarly books lose money, though doubtless less than mediocre ones. This fact is impeding the publishing of all scholarly books. So far as it impedes the mediocre ones we do not suffer. So far as it impedes the good ones we do. No one has yet figured out a net with a mesh so subtle that it will automatically retard the unessential while permitting the necessary to slither through. This has to be said with reservations, of course. A masterpiece will get itself published. A really bad scholarly book, if one can be imagined, will not be published. But in between these extremes are most of the books.

Complicated subjects tend to give birth to answers so oversimplified that they further complicate. We may cite two examples here. One is the "ought to" answer, and goes like this: "Surely with all that money being put into research, some money *ought* to be available for my book." Another is the contrary opinion that whatever

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may be the ills of scholarly publishing they come from ignoring certain inventions. An example of this appeared in *The Scientific Monthly* for February, 1951, under the title "Blueprint for Knowledge."

It is really too bad that we cannot take refuge in a formula. Everything is so much simpler if one has a formula to fall back on. If we could say about each scholarly manuscript which is likely to lose money, "Put it on microfilm," certain financial problems would be lessened. On the other hand certain other problems might be vastly aggravated. The only practical answer is to avoid trying to deal with the problem by formula. It can't work. Books are ideas. Can you imagine, or permit, any one sweeping formula for ideas? In an idea there is a risk element; it has to be tested; and there will always be risk in a book for the same reason. It can be diminished, of course, and that is my theme. There is a scholarly publishing problem, and the way to deal with it is piecemeal. The subjective element is ineradicable.

Piecemeal is not dramatic. It is not so likely to gain financial support as some seemingly neater program. But in the long run it is much more likely to succeed and, if a communications revolution is coming, to usher it in without damaging the landscape. Piecemeal demands a good deal of understanding: from authors, of the problems of the scholarly publisher; from publishers, of the fact that not all books need the Big Treatment; from faculties, that they must participate and understand the economics of communication; from deans, that they must acquaint graduate students with certain technics; from administrations, that they must relax the pressure "to publish on people who really have nothing to say"; from foundations, that there are some books which deserve publication even if they lose money; from librarians, that books which are largely consulted in stacks by experts need not be bound as if a schoolboy were about to swing them on a strap; by everyone, that clarity and a good English style are essential even in scholarly books and particularly in the humanities.

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The Application of SCIENTIFIC METHOD to the Study of HUMAN BEHAVIOR

The stenographic record of a discussion held in a private dining room at the Hotel Biltmore, on Wednesday evening, December 19, 1951. Present were the following persons:

CRANE BRINTON — JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
A. L. KROEBER — B. F. SKINNER
HIRAM HAYDN

MR. HAYDN:[1] As all of you gentlemen know, I am a substitute chairman. I shall not waste time apologizing for my lack of qualifications to be moderator of this particular discussion. There is a field of human knowledge, a body of study, which is known as the social sciences, having to do with the study of human behavior individually and in groups, and with human relations of all kinds; and it is this general field of knowledge that we are concerned with in this discussion tonight.

I think we are interested primarily in the following question: What are at least some of the more important implications of the application of the methods of science to the study of human behavior? From my own rather hasty preparation for this discussion, and from a little preliminary discussion with you, I gather that there are two major questions stemming from this general question, with which we might begin.

When we refer to the application of the scientific method, the methods of science, to the study of human behavior, are we agreed that such methods can result in a fairly safe degree of predictability of human behavior? Can cause and effect be predicted—first in terms of group behavior, and secondly in terms of individual behavior?

Secondly thereafter, what does this mean? What are its implications in terms of what we variously think of as the pursuit of the good life, as the welfare of the greatest number of people, and so forth? How may the application of these methods affect those values which most of us cherish in human beings?

Let us start then with the first of these two that I have just suggested. Will someone open the discussion with a comment? Let me repeat. The first question is: how accurate may the scientific method be, ap-

[1] HIRAM HAYDN is the editor of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR.

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plied to human behavior in terms of predictability?

MR. SKINNER:[2] May I add an amendment to that? If we want to predict in terms of cause and effect, some of the causes are going to be under control, and once you have established a cause and effect relation, if you can control the cause you can control the effect. A much more far-reaching problem than the prediction of human behavior is its control. You may want to include that in "prediction," but I think it is worth making a special point of it.

MR. HAYDN: That is what I meant by the second point, when I asked what was this going to mean in terms of the good life, the values that we most cherish. I think you have phrased it better, but that is the area I then had in mind. If we start with the question of predictability, we would move on to control.

MR. BRINTON:[3] Although this is a somewhat silly illustration, the problem really is this: the engineer can predict with accuracy the behavior of his materials. He knows what the various girders will do, etc. But if human beings are involved, there is a difference. One girder will not conduct a love affair with another girder, but with human beings this happens, and the unpredictable enters the picture in a way it will not with girders.

Basically, I know we won't go far on this, but we can at least dismiss it: is there free will in behavior? Are human beings likely to do something from entirely within themselves, perhaps also from God—

MR. HAYDN: Of course, when you bring in free will, I assume you mean it in a sort of autonomous sense; that is, free will not as weighted by any of the concepts of limited free will, but freedom to do anything.

MR. KROEBER:[4] Freedom to be unpredictable.

MR. KRUTCH:[5] Didn't James really define that problem when he preferred to talk simply about the unpredictable element in man and in the universe as a whole, when he denied that even in the realm of matter this was a universe in which nothing new, no new event, could ever take place?

MR. SKINNER: Many people have pointed out that the physicists have run up against something like a stone wall in the principle of indeterminacy. You have to make up your mind that you know one thing at the cost of not knowing another.

MR. KRUTCH: That has affected the physical sciences in more ways than one. Going back again to James's time, Pierce raised the question whether there was such a thing as a law of nature. He made the suggestion that there might be only free atoms in nature, that what was called the law of gravitation simply meant that atoms, in the course of time, had gotten into the habit of falling—a confirmed habit, but not one which could be absolutely relied upon as necessarily continuing in the same way.

MR. SKINNER: This question of microscopic indeterminacy is not awfully relevant here, because if we could do as much with human behavior as the physicist can do with physical nature (in spite of his admission that in the last analysis he isn't quite sure of a number of things), we could make decisions on some very important problems.

MR. KRUTCH: Yes, and with a very grave danger, because it is at least possible that that tiny element which the sociologist tends to overlook and dismiss as too small to be worth consideration—that tiny element may be the most important thing in human life.

[2] B. F. SKINNNER, professor of psychology at Harvard University, is the author of *The Behavior of Organisms* and *Walden Two*.

[3] CRANE BRINTON is McLean Professor of Ancient and Modern History at Harvard University. He is the author of *Decade of Revolution, 1789-1799* and *The Anatomy of Revolution*, among other books.

[4] A. L. KROEBER, distinguished anthropologist, is retired from the faculty of the University of California, and is now serving as visiting professor at Columbia University.

[5] JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH, Brander Matthews Professor of Dramatic Literature at Columbia University, is the author of *Samuel Johnson*, *Henry David Thoreau*, and *The Twelve Seasons*.

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MR. HAYDN: May I ask a question? This really is directed particularly to Mr. Skinner, and is a question which, along this very line, has puzzled me quite often. I do not think I understand it thoroughly.

Certainly from the time of Freud on, most of the discoveries in the psychology of the individual have had to do with the whole exploration of the irrational in human behavior, in human motivation, and with that whole sublogical, subconscious area of the personality or the mind or whatever it is. Now, how does it happen that there has been so much exploration in that direction, while at the same time there has been an increasing confidence in how one may predict group behavior? How are these two things reconciled?

This is really not a weighted question; I wish I could understand it. Obviously the one exploration is conducted in terms of the individual always. The other is based upon, presumably, experiment and observation of group behavior. Yet doesn't there have to be some kind of a bridge there that I miss? With, on the one hand, so much emphasis upon the irrational in motivation, how can one be so confident in predicting what people will do?

MR. SKINNER: There is one point about Freud's work which comes up here. There is a curious inconsistency. One of Freud's most devoted followers recently characterized his contribution as simply the demonstration of lawfulness in human behavior.

When you stop to think of it, that is the thing he did do, and most of us have accepted it. Things that we thought were accidents he has convinced us were not, and that is a sort of demonstration of lawfulness—not a very rigorous one, but it is there.

On the other hand, Freud accounted for all of this with a mystical and mythological set of inner little beings who were supposed to be directors of the biological organism, so that after having proved lawfulness, he then assigned it to an essentially inscrutable system—at least scrutable only through the very long process of depth analysis. If you accept the positive contributions of Freud and not his theories, he made a step in the direction of demonstrating lawful relationships.

MR. HAYDN: I did not mean to pin this down to Freud anyway. I said "since Freud," meaning this whole area of investigation since his time.

MR. SKINNER: But the sociologist in general, it seems to me, has seized hold of the notion of statistical prediction as a way out. I am very much concerned about it, and I tend more and more to confine myself to a sample of one in my statistics. Unless something is true of the individual, it tends not to be very important from my point of view. That is exactly the difference between the insurance company's actuarial tables, which will prove that a certain number of people will die in Manhattan tonight, and the dilemma of a doctor who wants to know whether his patient is going to die or not. He cannot go to the insurance companies to find out.

Social sciences tend to deal with actuarial statistics about groups.

MR. HAYDN: If, from Freud on, there have been charted laws, or students have begun to explore and establish tentative laws about individual human behavior that was not clear at all before, nevertheless there is —and this point you were raising about a doctor's problem—there is infinite variety among all the individuals—not infinite, perhaps, but a very wide diversity.

You have on the one hand what seems a highly determinist and quantitative kind of measurement, and you have on the other hand fluid, much more complex propositions in the study of the individual. Yet all those entirely different and diverse individuals are part of the group which is studied the other way on a given occasion.

Immediately you have a whole new complex set of factors, because you not only have a, b, c, d, and so on, *ad infinitum*, of individuals, but you have all their interrelations as well.

Apparently I am more confusing than clarifying. What I am trying to get at is that it seems to me that (granted what has developed in the study of the individual) it is strange so many sociologists proceed with confidence and satisfaction

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in this kind of quantitative measurement.

MR. SKINNER: I don't see how they do it either. I am not at all happy about the use of statistical methods to get some kind of uniformity in a science. A group never behaves; it is the individuals in a group who behave.

MR. BRINTON: I think this may be a shallow kind of reasoning, but I should like to make an example of contraceptive methods. Any contraceptive method, no matter how crude, will from the point of view of the people involved as a group have a certain effect. Of course, there are other variables too, like health—but the demographic effect is established. On the other hand, when you have a definite married couple in financial straits, afraid of having a child—obviously then you have something unpredictable.

This is just a fairly simple fact. I think that the real question is about infinite variety—that really holds. Mr. Haydn should not have changed it. And remember, if they are infinite, obviously they are not predictable.

MR. SKINNER: But the result of a program of education in contraception would certainly give you the net result of a lot of different personal contacts between the program and individuals. It would give you the mean results of those contacts upon those individuals in terms of your various disciplines. However, it might still be enough and yet—

MR. BRINTON: But with a single couple it would not solve the problem. It would still be this very personal point of view. I don't know that that gets us very far.

MR. SKINNER: I think the question that we raised here is the amenability of the individual to scientific treatment. You can get smooth curves if you take enough individuals, but that does not mean that you have smooth processes.

MR. KROEBER: Wait a minute. You have all the relations. If the thing comes out according to expectation, you have got to have a variety of processes, but they are different things.

MR. HAYDN: Would you elaborate on that?

MR. KROEBER: You are not interested, except when you isolate a process and control the process and get a smooth curve for that. But a social scientist, if there is one, does not want to break the thing down that way. He is interested particularly and specifically in group effect. I do not consider myself a social scientist, so I am the devil's advocate. And I think you, Mr. Skinner, are a natural scientist who is interested in the individual and in the human organism, and human behavior.

MR. BRINTON: Well, Mr. Kroeber, perhaps this is a challenge to you. How do you differentiate between the natural scientist and the social scientist? You said Mr. Skinner is a natural scientist.

MR. KROEBER: That is not a slur. The other way, of course, if anything.

MR. SKINNER: Well, the economist has a tremendous set of data to consider. Everybody conspires to provide him with data of a mathematical nature, and he has been, I think, conspicuously unsuccessful in predicting, mainly because he is looking only at the measured aspects of behavior, which are not the whole story. But examine the behavior of the individuals—that's the point.

Take the example of Gresham's Law—that bad money drives good money out of circulation; you can state that without referring to human behavior at all, simply by examining the coinage at any one time in the banks and in the pockets of the people, and so on. And yet although that is a generalization which seems to hold in that field, the crucial point, it seems to me, is what happens to an individual who has two coins in his hand and is going to spend one—the good and the bad at that point are going to determine his attitude in pocketing the good and spending the bad in exchange for goods.

Now that brings us immediately to the behavior of the individual, and all the law seems to express is the fact that for most people these dispositions to behave in certain ways with coins in their pockets are the same.

MR. BRINTON: What is wrong with that?

MR. SKINNER: Then you have a general principle, but whether or not that is a

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scientific principle, reducible to the kinds of systems which science eventually arrives at, is the important point. You could get the laws without a true lawfulness in the individual behavior.

MR. HAYDN: You are saying very well the thing that I was groping for earlier.

MR. SKINNER: For example, there are random systems which the mathematicians consider would give you over-all uniformity.

MR. BRINTON: That is what I think we are up against when we deal with social phenomena basically—exactly that. I mean I can conceive of people who would be so virtuous that they would proceed to turn the bad coin in at the Mint, or some other thing like that.

MR. KROEBER: And the more varied they run, the smoother the social curve is, because they cancel each other out.

Mr. Brinton, you asked me a question, asked for a definition, which I would answer more or less this way: I think all science is fundamentally one; but according to subject matter, certain methods develop, and these methods have their own growth, and you get differentiations.

Natural science prevailingly deals with sub-human phenomena—either inorganic phenomena or organic phenomena. About two hundred years ago, it began to be discovered that if you experimented with these things you could set up artificial universes with controlled conditions, and consequently you could trace cause and effect more than you do in the mixed group phenomena of nature, and that this is particularly easy when you are dealing with inanimate objects; it is somewhat easy (at least it can be done, with enough skill) if you deal with single organisms.

Now, when you get beyond this stage, it becomes more and more difficult; and finally we begin to get into the field of social sciences, the interrelations of human beings, symbolizing animals, what we call rational animals, building up a group life of their own, presenting a whole set of phenomena that were very weakly developed before.

So experiment does not work any longer except on this statistical over-all—you might say gross—basis, which does not give you the cause. It is quite freely recognized by economists now, when they work out correlations—for instance, where they correlate with a business cycle: they test this factor, and they get point nine; some other factor, and they get point nine; and when they add them all up, they have correlations several times as strong as the largest possible correlation. In other words, all that means is that there is a high multiple causality, and each factor involves the other factor to some extent.

So there are some of the limitations of social science. Now, there is another difference, and that is that natural science started out essentially from intellectual curiosity. And I think so far it has been fundamental to natural science, whether biological or inorganic; it has been the dominant motive. People whose interest goes more toward application, utility, whether in engineering or in medicine or whatever, have a different motivation. But fundamental science—whether in physics, chemistry, geology, biology or psychology, insofar as it is natural science—there I think the intrinsic motives are wanting to know, wanting to understand. They may be willing to apply what they learn usefully, but that is secondary.

I think our social sciences, from the beginning, since they rose out of philosophy or history, started in with the idea of wanting to apply. One thing they have always struggled with is that they want to apply usefully, and to benefit and to improve the world, to remodel other people, even before a fundamental science is developed which is in any sense comparable to what you have in the organic or inorganic sciences. I think there is a great split here.

MR. BRINTON: I think I agree with that entirely, and I think what you have brought up is the second part of what Mr. Haydn brought up.

I think even if you establish the social sciences as natural sciences, you could make the distinction between the experimental sciences and the clinical sciences. It is a practical one and one of no small importance, since almost all the social sciences are

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clinical sciences, in which you work by the case method.

Now some of them, like economics, may be analytical, not merely experimental—analytical sciences in terms of mathematics and so forth. But I think a good many people misunderstand this whole general problem, because they ask for experimentation and assume that that is the only kind of science. Actually, of course, in the case of the clinical physician who studies and goes on to psychiatry, you have no opportunity for experimentation; on the other hand, your case records are getting better and better.

MR. KROEBER: What have you got in history?

MR. BRINTON: A whole set of case records—that is just the point. I wouldn't defend history except as a set of case records which you can use, depending upon which particular social science you are trying to practice. The whole problem is a relation between all this and the humanities.

MR. KRUTCH: Before we get into that—as far back as the nineteenth century, there were those scientists who maintained that science in its purest form was no more than —and I think one phrase goes something like this—a history of the past, with some expression of hope that the phenomena observed in the past will probably repeat themselves.

MR. KROEBER: That is sound humility.

MR. KRUTCH: We have seen objects, heavy objects, released, fall. That is a matter of history. We hope that usually they will continue to behave in the same way, but we actually have nothing except the historical observation of the past, to found that hope or expectation on.

MR. HAYDN: That is a very conservative statement.

MR. KRUTCH: I believe that Karl Pearson formulated it that way.

MR. SKINNER: I suspected that you would be quoting him.

MR. HAYDN: Well, may I ask this question? Perhaps we are reaching a summary of the first part of the discussion. Using just that definition, even though we call it a conservative definition, how successful can that be in standing for the achievement and the practices of the social sciences?

MR. BRINTON: Well, I would accept that, except that I would add that people who are not known commonly as scientists, who are commonly listed as men of letters, have in the past shown a greater wisdom and therefore greater ability to predict human behavior than have men known as social scientists. I should pit La Rochefoucauld or Pascal against Bentham or Fourier any day.

MR. KRUTCH: As you might expect, so would I; and I would add that not only do I think they are more dependable, but that the things which they predict are things which are ultimately more important than the kind of thing which the social scientists would.

MR. HAYDN: Before we go into that, may I, in my function as chairman or moderator, and in my interests as editor, or, I should say, as interested in THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR'S readers, ask if one of you won't say something about where in simple terms does this —well, where we would place the social sciences in terms of, on the one hand, the humanities, and on the other hand, the natural sciences? Is there any sort of statement that can be made now which would be helpful to someone reading this record?

MR. KROEBER: I will stick my neck out. I think the humanities and the natural sciences flank or encapsulate the social sciences, and I think in certain ways they have a good deal in common, which is very weakly developed in the social sciences.

One is this quest for understanding for its own sake, without wanting to help anybody or help oneself, or improve anything.

MR. HAYDN: You mean both the humanities and the natural sciences?

MR. KROEBER: Yes—that is, so far as the natural sciences are fundamental.

MR. BRINTON: Shakespeare is nearer a natural scientist than Marx.

MR. KROEBER: Yes. He is not after a finding which tells other people what to do; he is interested in analyzing the situation.

MR. SKINNER: I want to take issue with one point. I think I agree with the remark that all science is simply hope for the future

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based upon experience. But there is a difference between the case method, which is essentially that of both the humanities and a large part of history and the social sciences, and the method of natural science. The natural sciences are concerned with pointing out the features of an occasion upon which you make a prediction or base a hope,

Now, you hope for the future on the basis of similarities in the past, and the whole issue is: similar in what respect? But the natural scientist can tell you precisely what features of the present enable him to predict the future. The author, writing beautifully and consistently about human behavior, lets his own experience do that for him, and he can go wrong and does go wrong.

Every one of us who meets for the first time someone who resembles a close friend will expect that person to behave like the friend, but unless there is a very considerable tie-up between personal appearance and behavior, then that is a mistake. This is an irrelevant similarity between the past and the hope for the future.

The achievement of the natural scientist is to specify when experience may be extrapolated, and the case history does not do that. I do not think the psychiatrist would act solely in terms of assuming the past; he can tell you why he feels that a new case should be classified with one or another old one.

MR. KRUTCH: May I add something to the effect that these distinctions, no doubt to some extent valid, are not absolute; that is to say, you suggested a moment ago that the imaginative writer is sometimes wrong. That would seem to imply something which I'm sure you did not mean to imply: namely, that the scientist is never wrong. If you push the analysis far enough, as we tried to a few moments ago, it begins to appear that the distinction between science and non-science is not absolute, that science itself is not scientific in the absolute sense that sometimes people like to imagine.

MR. SKINNER: There is no absolute certainty anywhere, but there is the other extreme, very far beyond the humanities, of pure superstition, which is a hope for the future based upon past accidents. And science is concerned with weeding out its hasty judgments based upon superficial similarities, and specifying what are comparable occasions.

MR. BRINTON: I think I broke off Mr. Kroeber's remarks.

MR. KROEBER: I pointed out a certain thing that both groups have in common. Of course, it is also necessary to distinguish—well, I am not sure what the humanities are usually supposed to deal with, but I think it is commonly said to be human values.

Now it is customary to set those off from natural science. Science, it is said, cannot deal with values. Science is quantitative: it measures, it defines, and that is perfectly true. It would be very difficult to experiment in the field of human values.

On the other hand, a study of human values by a method analogous to that of natural history or human history is entirely possible.

MR. KRUTCH: But it does not enable you to make a choice between them. It enables you to describe the different proposed values, but it does not enable you to make any choice between them.

MR. KROEBER: Choice is another matter. I am still on the assumption that the humanist is, like the physicist, moved primarily by an intellectual curiosity, or an intellectual-aesthetic curiosity.

MR. KRUTCH: I would say that the difference is not that science cannot be concerned with values, but that it cannot make a value judgment, which is a different thing. It can be concerned with values to the extent that it recognizes that they exist, and describes the differences between them. But a value judgment implies a choice, and it's a value judgment which science cannot make.

MR. KROEBER: Well, are there any natural scientists *de facto* who will even touch values or describe them?

MR. KRUTCH: Not explicitly, but it is an old observation that those people who do not explicitly discuss values, take them for granted.

A few moments ago, Mr. Haydn said

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something about the greatest good of the greatest number. Now, no one raised any protest there, and yet there is an obvious moral assumption. It is certainly not scientifically demonstrated that the greatest good of the greatest number is what we should pursue. It might be argued that quality comes in there, and that we might be justified in preferring the greatest good of three superior to that of seventeen inferior persons.

I am not saying that this is so. I am saying that when you accept the greatest good for the greatest number, you are making a value judgment which you have not even discussed.

MR. HAYDN: In this very connection, you used as part of your illustration three *superior* and seventeen *inferior* people. What immediately crosses my mind is: What is the assumption behind those terms?

MR. KRUTCH: I would simply admit that the kind of person that I am defending makes value judgments—that you cannot live in any other way. Nietzsche said, "All life is a dispute about tastes." And fundamentally I think it does come down to that.

MR. KROEBER: That is living, and science is a special kind of living which defines inquiry and knowledge and understanding; and a scientist in his private life, in his active life outside of his profession, is going to make value judgments. He has to decide which girl he wants to marry, what he wants to eat for dinner, and so on.

But nevertheless, in his profession the natural scientist refrains so far as he can from value judgments, and also refrains from concerns with values. If he touches qualities, he tries to express them quantitatively.

MR. HAYDN: This is throwing light, incidentally, upon this middle area of the social scientist, because your earlier statement about the fact that the social scientist sets out in terms of usefulness, means that he has—well, it means one of two things: either he has actually pre-judged what this usefulness may consist of, or else he is going to make his judgment of what is useful on the basis of his findings. Isn't that correct?

MR. KROEBER: Yes.

MR. HAYDN: Now, the natural scientist, as you say, is not concerned with value judgments.

MR. KROEBER: Is supposed not to be.

MR. HAYDN: And the man working in the humanities is consistently concerned with those values. So the natural scientist and the humanist are motivated by intellectual curiosity, while the social scientist is concerned with the usefulness of his knowledge—but presumably to human beings, so that he shares a concern with the humanist over human values, one not shared by the natural scientist in his professional capacity.

Now, I am not yet attempting to draw a conclusion. I just grabbed hold of this because it seemed that one of you might draw a conclusion from this summary which would be helpful in this effort of ours to pin down the place of the social scientist.

MR. KRUTCH: If I may say one more thing on that subject, I am going to subside.

MR. HAYDN: We don't want you to.

MR. KRUTCH: What I am objecting to, the root of all my distrust of the growing emphasis on the social and the other sciences, is precisely what we have just touched on: that is to say, it seems to me that we are getting to a stage where the most powerful influence on society is exercised by a group of people who make all their value judgments casually, arbitrarily, without thought, without consideration, because they say—oh, well, I am a scientist, and science is not concerned with those things.

I maintain that the scientists—the people who have the ear of the public—are people who are not explicitly, consciously, responsibly, in the full awareness of their task, making the value judgments they nevertheless do make.

MR. BRINTON: I should certainly agree with a good deal of that, but I think in fact the scientist—"natural" and "social" both—makes value judgments. Both are products of Christianity plus the Enlightenment of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; both tend toward, lean toward, a mild materialism. For instance, by and

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large, I think they would accept Mr. Haydn's greatest good of the greatest number.

MR. KRUTCH: Value judgments rest on very insecure foundations when they are merely accepted from the past. They are not criticized, they are often easily discarded, without the person who discards them really realizing what he is doing; and though I may be wrong in my impressions, my reading of anthropology and sociology, what little I have done recently, has led me to believe that more and more of the social scientists and the anthropologists tend to discount the importance of value judgments, to take the position: "Oh, well, these are merely changes in cultural patterns. It all depends upon which kind of civilization you are talking about," though they themselves often make value judgments all the time. I call to witness Miss Benedict's well-known *Patterns of Culture*, in which she seems to take that attitude, but in which she nevertheless makes value judgments all over the place, continually.

MR. HAYDN: This is related to what I was going to ask you, because here is a real difference between what you have said and what Mr. Kroeber said when he made his distinction between the natural sciences and the social sciences. One of his distinctions is on the grounds that the natural scientist is motivated primarily by an intellectual curiosity, by a desire to find out the truth, but that the social scientist had foremost in his mind the program of usefulness to other people, presumably. Yet you linked these two together when you were speaking a moment ago, saying that what worried you the most about current tendencies was to see that people like natural and social scientists, who declared themselves concerned primarily with finding out truth neutrally as to value judgments, therefore made irresponsible or arbitrary value judgments. Now I bring it back to this: How can we come to any agreement about what is the approach of the social scientist, what is the nature of his job, to what extent does he use what we thought of as the scientific method—harking back to the natural scientist—and to what extent can he use it effectively? Those are the things we are after.

MR. SKINNER: You might put it this way: one of the implications to be considered is whether or not value judgments would disappear from the scene. I am not at all convinced that these value judgments are as inevitable as they are commonly said to be.

There is one kind of "ought" that is a value judgment—what ought we to do—where you explicitly state the end, and talk about the means. "You ought to take an umbrella" assumes that you want to stay dry and that it is raining outside, and there is no value judgment there. You are going to take it for granted there.

Now in the case of whether the greatest good for the greatest number is a value judgment, if you say "I want people to be happy. How ought I to rear them? What sort of education should we put a child through?" that is a problem which a well-developed science of behavior could eventually answer. But then you might say "Do you want people to be that happy?"

MR. KRUTCH: You might ask that question, but I would ask a question before that. How can you possibly tell objectively whether a person is happy or not?

MR. SKINNER: Well, I am assuming that we could specify that.

MR. KRUTCH: What the social scientist, in my experience, actually often does, is to begin by saying, "I want people to be happy. Now, of course, that is a subjective statement. I cannot measure happiness, and therefore I would substitute some measurable correlative," and presently you get him saying, as I have heard him say, "Well, I think we may safely assume that production per man-hour is an index of the happiness of society." I have heard people maintain that.

That, of course, is nonsense. I think the thing Mr. Skinner means is that there is a sort of behavior pattern which he would accept as evidence of happiness. That is what I challenge you on, frankly.

I am sure there are people who on the basis of observation would feel perfectly certain that I am much less happy than the average man, but I do not think so, at least certainly not to the extent that

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I should want to change places with one of those people who behave so much more happily than I.

Laughter.

MR. SKINNER: I think we could describe happy behavior in such a way that you would probably come out high. The point I wanted to make is that after you have given this kind of judgment about the means to an end, then you would have to raise a question as to whether the end is what you want; and eventually that will, I think, lead you back to the one value judgment which you never do adopt, which nature adopts for you: the factor of survival.

MR. BRINTON: Back to Darwin.

MR. SKINNER: We come back to Darwin.

MR. KRUTCH: It has been objected, you know—

MR. HAYDN: I am awfully interested in the beginning of your previous statement, where you said, "How can we be sure that these value judgments are so permanently integral to human life?" Then when you gave an illustration, you spoke of happiness, and I think between you and Mr. Brinton, you clarified what you meant by that.

Now let us move on, not necessarily going to Huxley's *Brave New World*—this is a digression, I know, but it might be of some value—but, anyway, to the kind of society where this subjective pot-shooting of value judgments no longer existed. Do you mind taking me up on that?

MR. BRINTON: Mr. Skinner has written a whole book on that: *Walden Two.*

MR. SKINNER: It is a very basic issue as to whether science can take any particular goal by way of reference, or to say that this or that social practice is good, or should be advocated. The one criterion that is thrust upon us is whether the group which observes a given practice will be here tomorrow.

Now you may very well set up a small group which practices an idealistic state of some sort which if it were alone in the world would be a perfectly adequate one, but because it isn't alone in the world may be swept off the face of the earth tomorrow.

Eventually the whole world might be organized on that pattern, and then you would say, "Well, there was that group two thousand years ago that really knew it all. They had a good state, but they don't have it any more because they did not survive."

MR. KRUTCH: Well, I am not at all certain that I accept your criterion of permanence of survival. It might be much better to have had an Athens which disappeared, than never to have had an Athens—than to have had in its place some society which had endured until today.

MR. SKINNER: If you take value judgments to be predictions about techniques in achieving certain specified states, then the one thing that you can appeal to for evaluation is whether a practice is going to keep the culture which follows it in existence.

MR. KRUTCH: I do not see why. A great many people would maintain that the first duty of man is not survival.

MR. SKINNER: Oh, I know they would, but—I do not contemplate that as one of the results of applying the methods of science to human behavior.

MR. KRUTCH: But I think one of the results of applying the methods of science to human behavior will be the more and more complete tacit assumption that survival is the ultimate task, and I am not at all sure that I look forward to that with equanimity.

MR. HAYDN: Is health a corollary to survival?

MR. SKINNER: I certainly think the healthy state is to be preferred to the nonhealthy.

MR. HAYDN: Because it seems to me (moving over to what I think is tangential here) that one of the places where at least some workers in the field of psychoanalysis, psychology, psychiatry and so on, do have a conviction in terms of value judgments is right there—and this suggests to me that there is, for example, a scientific ethic, an ethic of health—

MR. KRUTCH: That involves the value judgment that health is important.

MR. SKINNER: Yes, you have all of these practices in the fields of ethics, religion, government, education and so on, which

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are rationalized or justified in terms of maximizing something. In education you maximize knowledge; in ethics you maximize the good; in religion you maximize salvation; and so on.

I think that is a spurious attempt to justify a practice, and I think value judgments can generally be traced back to that tendency. Now, from the scientific view I am not sure that there need be any equivalent for the expression "This is a practice which I advocate because it will maximize some fancied condition."

MR. KRUTCH: Let me put it this way. Let me put this question. Supposing you should come to the conclusion as a result of your investigations, that the healthiest and most enduring society was one composed of creatures whose responses had become so automatically perfect that consciousness was no longer necessary and would disappear: would you consider this eternally-surviving group of unconsciously functioning organisms a result which you would envisage with equanimity and pleasure?

MR. SKINNER: Yes, I would envisage that result with pleasure; but what I would not is the condition in which that would be the case. You have already cooked up a case which I wouldn't want to accept in order to make that kind of individual the most adaptable and the most successful.

MR. KRUTCH: My point is simply that I believe that the experience of living is the thing which for me has the greatest value, and that all the social sciences which tend to manipulate and regularize and unify human conduct result in a general lowering of the intensity of the experience of living, and that, therefore, from my standpoint, they are bad.

MR. SKINNER: Yes, and I would agree that it is bad from my standpoint.

MR. BRINTON: Surely, gentlemen, what makes this variety is the variety of human goals or ends or value judgments, or what you choose, that the people set up. It is precisely because one man is willing to be—

MR. SKINNER: What makes the variety is a variety of controlling influences in the human environment.

MR. BRINTON: Yes.

MR. SKINNER: If I had the power to design a successful state on the existing scientific knowledge—God forbid—then I would certainly not design a uniform sort of culture; I should want great diversity, because I should want to make sure that all the various talents of the group should come to fruition in many different ways.

MR. BRINTON: But those talents are all talents toward the end, and one end, the one which Mr. Kroeber pointed out—an end which animates many social scientists—and that is to change things and other people.

They want to change a great variety of things. I think your actual notion that people would be without moral ends is equivalent to saying that people would be without variety.

MR. KRUTCH: Yes, it seems so to me.

MR. HAYDN: We are moving into the area of control, gentlemen, and that really is the second question.

MR. BRINTON: We have been there a long time.

MR. HAYDN: I mean officially.

Laughter.

MR. SKINNER: How far are you willing to defend the statement that the social scientists—and I mean that very broadly now: anthropologists, economists, sociologists, and all that sort of thing—how far have they actually been motivated by a desire for change? *The Golden Bough* was not written to alter man's religious convictions, was it?

MR. KROEBER: No, it had considerable effect that way, but it was not written for that. Frazer got a kick out of it—he had an intellectual curiosity. Well, sociologists have the idea of reform. Economists follow along. I am not quite clear about political scientists. They seem to me a sort of recent deviation from history—people who want to deal with historical or political material without doing any history.

Laughter.

MR. BRINTON: I would agree with what you said. I believe that the term antiquarian is a good term. By and large, people in the social sciences who have dealt with human

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behavior are mostly the antiquarian type, and I can concede, I'm sure there are some in your own field. There are plenty in my own field in history, but the ones you think of as influential from Plato down through Marx are by and large people who wish to change things; don't you agree with that?

MR. SKINNER: Yes.

MR. BRINTON: Freud himself had certainly a strong component of the desire to observe how people really behaved. On the other hand, there is in him a strong dislike for conventional behavior in the nineteenth century.

MR. SKINNER: There is a great discrepancy there in Freud as a therapist; in his practice he was changing people, but his books are predominantly non-therapeutic.

MR. KROEBER: Oh, yes, he had an intellectual imagination. It probably was not pure intellect, but it did have a pure intellectual structure.

MR. BRINTON: At the same time I think of many forms of behavior he did not like —religious behavior, ascetic behavior, and a number of other types.

MR. KROEBER: Well, it seems to me we have to get a little further as to what the humanist really is, wants, and does before we can come to a conclusion about the social scientist. Of course I think that the humanist cannot be left out. I do plead guilty to being a sort of humanist.

MR. KRUTCH: I suppose so, without a capital H.

MR. KROEBER: In general I should say a humanist, if I may speak for your group, deals with values. He is really concerned with values. Values are his subject matter, but I think he is essentially interested in discerning, describing and understanding values, rather than in making value judgments for other people or prescribing for other people what they are going to do.

MR. KRUTCH: I would accept that. I do not think that literature has established a set of values. I think the claim of literature is based simply on the fact that it is that realm of human discourse in which the question of values is kept continuously to the front.

It is that form of human discourse in which the pre-eminence of values is recognized. It is not so much a question of defending or enforcing any set of values. It is merely the instance that the values which you have—happen to have—are the things which have the greatest influence on the kind of life you lead, the kind of experience you have, perhaps the kind of effect you produce.

MR. HAYDN: Isn't it true, if I may insert a parenthesis, that actually in terms of literature and values, most of the great literary figures have been more concerned with a celebration of life and experience than they have been with the pleading for particular values?

MR. KRUTCH: Yes. It is more the realization that if you are going to celebrate the kind of life which they choose to celebrate, that kind of life is always a life in which a value judgment plays an important part.

MR. BRINTON: But some judgments are better than others. What are you going to do with a friend of mine who once declared that he was not very much interested in international relations, but he would die for the proposition that the music of Bach is better than the music of Offenbach?

MR. KRUTCH: I would certainly call this an example of the conscious assumption of one of those prejudices which determine how exciting a life will be.

MR. BRINTON: All right, you have gotten out of that very nicely.

MR. KROEBER: Yes, I would accept that; I would put it a little differently. I would say that the declaration that the music of Bach is better than that of Offenbach is something extra, but the essential thing is to discern the values in the music of Bach, and be able to describe them, experience them perhaps—and those of Offenbach, too.

Now, people might make much the same analysis and yet have different value judgments.

MR. BRINTON: Exactly. I transfer this analogy to food, to indicate that you could make an apology for liking hors d'oeuvres, or eating certain sweets, the Offenbach

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to Bach's nourishing staple. But when you get at the level of high art, you run into the dogmatic Puritan temper. In high art there must be no dessert, such people seem to say.

MR. KRUTCH: The difference between these things which I have been defending as prejudices, and the sort of thing commonly called prejudices, is simply that what I have been defining as prejudice is usually part of a consistent system of prejudices, whereas the vulgar prejudice is not.

I, for instance—

MR. KROEBER: You mean it's inconsistent?

MR. KRUTCH: I happen to be a person who likes the play *Hamlet*, and does not like the taste of garlic. Those are prejudices of two very different kinds, because the fact that I do not like garlic implies nothing else about me. The fact that I do like *Hamlet* implies a great many things about me. It is part of a rationalized system of prejudices.

MR. SKINNER: May I make a scientific attempt to get rid of the values in this Bach controversy? Would you accept this statement: that those people who have at one time or another preferred Offenbach to Bach and at another time Bach to Offenbach have always done so in that order?

Laughter.

MR. KRUTCH: Usually, but I am not sure always. People sometimes grow more frivolous as they grow older.

MR. SKINNER: Then you would make a value judgment that they grow senile.

Laughter.

MR. HAYDN: I want to raise a question. As you have been talking, there have been two kinds of value judgments that have a relation, or lack of relation, about which I should like to have somebody say something. On the one hand, Mr. Brinton gives the famous case of Bach versus Offenbach. This is a value judgment which implies what we commonly call aesthetic judgment, whether or not that is based solely on taste or some standard developed beyond it. It also implies—unless it is a loose, not very intelligent opinion—a kind of special training.

Now, when we were talking about literature, Mr. Krutch pointed out that most writers of the sort we call creative or imaginative writers, have been more concerned with values than they have been in presenting the case for a particular set of values.

But when he says that, I assume he means various kinds of values. What is the relation—and here is where the realm of the social scientist, it seems to me, and the humanist, the literary figure, most nearly come together—what is the relation in terms of what we call specifically human values?

Am I making this clear?

MR. KROEBER: May I suggest this. We happen to have chosen our examples from the arts; but you can compare the values of one religion with another, Buddhism with Christianity, for instance, without even making a judgment. You can describe the values, say, of the philosophy of Hume or Locke, or the philosophy of Hegel: see their values, find out what the values are. In other words, you can go into the relation of arts and intellect—or even such things as eating food, on a somewhat lower level—and you are still dealing with values.

MR. HAYDN: I have not made myself clear. What I am trying to get at is that—whether you endorse or distrust the method of attack, and the possible results of the method of attack, of the social scientist—we have emphasized at one time or another two things most, it seems to me.

One, the utilitarian motivation that is involved.

Two, the tendency—I don't think we are in complete agreement on this—the tendency to standardize human behavior, and perhaps to encourage the exercise of controls of human behavior, on the basis of "scientific" findings.

Now, in his relation to good goals or ends for human beings (aside from the joy of experience, of appreciation, and so on) —that is what I meant when I said specifically human values—where does the humanist stand, and where does the social scientist stand? What is it that the humanist—and this must be a generalization, of course—what is it that the humanist most objects

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to in the social scientist and the scientific method of procedure?

MR. KROEBER: As a man who, though perhaps not professionally could pass as one, but who by inclination is one, I would say that what I object to most in this procedure of the social scientists to regiment or to tell us the proper course, is the fact that they presume to tell us without really being interested in values. They have never made a study of them. The average economist has no dealings with values—ordinarily he has no interest at all in them in relation to his philosophy.

Mr. Krutch looks doubtful.

MR. KRUTCH: I am not doubtful at all. I enthusiastically agree.

MR. KROEBER: He may have side interests; but as a social scientist, as an economist, those things just do not count. He does economics by ruling that side out.

MR. HAYDN: Does this lead back to Mr. Skinner and the survival?

MR. KROEBER: Well, I do not think that. But getting back to Mr. Skinner, I think the natural scientist says, "Well, you will have to excuse me when you talk of values; I have nothing to do with values; I cannot measure them; I don't know how to describe them." I think that is a perfectly legitimate attitude, and therefore the natural scientist as natural scientist doesn't tell us what other people ought to do, or what is most useful, or what is best for us.

MR. SKINNER: What the natural scientist probably would do is to object to the assumption that science is only one way of knowing, and that there is another way which enables you to make predictions about your own behavior which the scientist cannot make. If you mean by a value judgment simply a guess or a prediction on inadequate grounds, all right; but then no one is any better off than the scientist.

MR. KRUTCH: I say that a value judgment is not a prediction, that a value judgment is a choice.

MR. SKINNER: All right, I would accept that. It is, however, a choice based upon a prediction of consequences.

MR. KROEBER: I doubt that.

MR. KRUTCH: I doubt even that. You can press the independence of value judgments to the point where—well, I suppose the most spectacular example that I can give is Jonathan Edwards' famous declaration that he would be willing to be damned for the glory of God. That is as far as you can go in that direction.

But I should like to add, particularly in view of what has just been said, that there is both what the social scientist deliberately does, and the additional evil of what he does without quite intending—that is to say, the things he does because he tends to lay the greatest stress on those elements in human life which are most predictable, which he can best deal with, and consequently tends to bring into the foreground those things, and to push into the background others which, to my mind, are equally or more important; that just because a thing is measurable and predictable he tends to say, "Well, that is something that is really important," and something else which is much more difficult to predict and deal with, he tends to push aside.

The result is that society tends to be put more and more in a situation where the manageable things are the things which everybody concerns himself most with, and the manageable people come to be considered the most important people, so that all our techniques are going to be directed toward that element in the population which is most predictable, most malleable, most amenable; and government, society, education, even, will concern themselves less and less with that minority which is least predictable—whereas, according to my prejudices, those are the people who are most important.

MR. BRINTON: Mr. Krutch, are you coming out in 1984?

Laughter.

MR. KROEBER: I don't see it quite so dark. You forget the new recruits on your side.

MR. KRUTCH: I hope so.

MR. SKINNER: We cannot blame the social scientists for doing the things which they can do most successfully.

MR. KRUTCH: No, I do not blame them, but I fear them.

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MR. SKINNER: I fear them too.

MR. BRINTON: I am not so afraid as you are.

MR. HAYDN: I have been very obtuse, but I should like to go back to this point. If the social scientist is not interested in value judgments—

MR. KROEBER: Well, I said he is not interested in what we ordinarily call values. He may be willing to make judgments, but he is not interested in values.

MR. HAYDN: On the other hand, he wants whatever he is discovering to be useful. If he is not interested in values, what is his aim? I am making this purposely just as ingenuous as I can. What is his aim in conducting the investigations and the measurements that he does conduct? Why does the usefulness not involve values?

MR. BRINTON: I do not want to answer for Mr. Kroeber, but I think the famous watchword is *how it really happens.*

MR. KROEBER: I didn't hear that.

MR. BRINTON: How it really happens.

MR. HAYDN: I think that puts it over into the class of intellectual curiosity.

MR. BRINTON: That's what I understood Mr. Kroeber said.

MR. HAYDN: He was making a distinction between this tendency of the natural scientist—

MR. KROEBER: Yes, the *natural* scientist.

MR. BRINTON: —*qua* scientist.

MR. KROEBER: And the humanist is interested, I don't say in how the values happen, but in what the values are like. While the social scientist is primarily interested, I would say, in where are we going from here, what are you doing about it, what is the program, what is the work.

MR. HAYDN: Well—

MR. BRINTON: Not necessarily the ideal social scientist.

MR. HAYDN: Does not this concern itself with values? To change and better the world—is not this concerned with value judgments?

MR. KROEBER: My criticism is that they want to better the world, but they do not know what the values are.

MR. KRUTCH: They make unconscious value judgments. They want to better the world, and their definition of better, or their definition of what constitutes better, is an uninformed, an unconsidered, and an unconscious judgment.

MR. BRINTON: I do not like the word unconscious here; I think they are rather much more conventional. I prefer that. They come with the conventions of their particular training, which is I think a reasonably narrow one.

MR. HAYDN: Do they substitute security, material comfort—and this is why I went back to survival—in the sense of investigations and eventual statistics which concern, say, as a very crude case, sanitation, the prevention of disease, or better hospital facilities?

MR. KROEBER: Longer life; and then, when everybody has that, why, everybody gets more comforts.

MR. HAYDN: This makes Francis Bacon almost the first of these.

MR. KRUTCH: Yes. Well, he was the first exponent of the technological civilization.

MR. BRINTON: Not only that, but the values of a technological civilization.

MR. KROEBER: May I make one more or less personal matter clear. I have talked a little roughly about the social scientist. I consider you fundamentally a natural scientist. I do not know whether you, Mr. Brinton, will accept this, but I consider you fundamentally on the side of the humanities and not a social scientist, by virtue of your being a historian. Now you may not agree with that, but at least I was not conscious of slamming you.

MR. HAYDN: Well, this is fine for the feelings of everybody present, Mr. Kroeber, but I shudder to think at this moment what our readers are going to say when we tackle the subject of the social sciences, and do not have anyone who is allowed to be classified as a social scientist.

MR. KROEBER: We should have had Lazarsfeld here.

MR. HAYDN: We tried. We invited him, and at least a half-dozen other leading sociologists and social psychologists.

MR. KRUTCH: We should have had one.

MR. BRINTON: Kluckhohn.

MR. KROEBER: Kluckhohn is pretty strong on values, though.

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MR. BRINTON: And he began life as a Greek scholar.

MR. KRUTCH: I can give a simple example of what I mean by the perhaps unintentional harm done by a certain kind of social scientist: Suppose he makes a survey of the radio. He will discover, has now discovered time and time again, that people as a whole would rather have even less classical music than they get now. The result of that is that they get less.

Now I should much prefer that that undoubtedly correct information had never been available. I think on the whole it would be better if people got more Bach than they want. They might even learn to want a little more than they do now. But the whole business of finding out what they want, which is what the social scientist always tries to do, and then giving it to them, seems to me to be a highly questionable procedure.

MR. BRINTON: You are now talking a little like the people, it seems to me, who want to stop atomic research because of what threatens to happen.

MR. KRUTCH: I don't know that I want to stop it. I just say that I view it with alarm.

MR. BRINTON: Yes, but who shall watch over the custodians eternally?

MR. SKINNER: It is a relevant fact, I think, that more sheer noise following the patterns established by Bach is being generated than ever before in the history of the world.

MR. KRUTCH: I am not sure I know what you mean.

MR. SKINNER: How many choirs were singing Bach in Bach's day, compared with the number of records that are playing it today?

MR. KRUTCH: I am not sure, however, that the social scientist deserves any credit for that.

MR. SKINNER: I am not giving him any. [*laughter*] But somehow, through all of this, there is still a very strong interest in things of that nature.

MR. BRINTON: I do not know whether the very simple and old philosophical distinction between ends and means would help here. But we often speak of the confusion of means with ends. Then I have to ask: What are ends?

MR. SKINNER: The question of survival does not necessarily mean the tooth and claw type of competition of the jungle. In fact I am fairly sure that Ashley-Montagu is right; I haven't read him fully, but I feel he is saying something along these lines: that in the long run the culture which emphasizes cooperation instead of competition is going to be the stronger, and in competition with other cultures will probably dominate the face of the earth; but at the moment, for example, I am very much concerned with whether America can afford to encourage the kind of good which Mr. Krutch prefers, in the face of what is happening in China, where those things are temporarily forgotten, and a very great aesthetic culture has been completely suspended for the moment.

MR. KRUTCH: In the seventeenth century, Samuel Butler talked about a kind of man that would go right on crying "fire, fire" in the middle of Noah's flood.

Now I think we are having Noah's flood in the United States, and the great conflagration, shall we say, in China; and I do not see how anybody could say that we should go on in the United States crying "fire, fire" when fire is not what we have got; that is to say, I see no reason to suppose that the kind of values which you are talking about are going to be underemphasized in our society. Quite the contrary.

MR. SKINNER: I am thinking of the danger of a well-established society emphasizing certain ends, and eventually becoming weak in competition with another which is not emphasizing that set of goals.

MR. KRUTCH: You really see a danger that the individual humanistic values will be overemphasized in the United States in the foreseeable future—to use that cliché?

MR. SKINNER: I was not thinking of that in what you said; I was thinking of the simple enjoyment in living that you were pointing out; because I do not believe at the moment that the Chinese are enjoying life. But there is a real ferment there. Some-

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thing is going on, and something very big is going to come from it all, quite in the absence of the things which you put first.

MR. KRUTCH: Oh, I see what you mean—yes.

MR. HAYDN: I think there is one more question that we might ask—one of a thousand, but I have one in mind which was mentioned in the brief, informal discussion we had before we went on the record—and that is about this tendency which at least some of us have expressed alarm about, the tendency in the possibility of the work of social scientists being used as a means of control and regulation, and subsequently the suppression of those forms of individual —will somebody help me out—

MR. BRINTON: Variation.

MR. HAYDN: Yes, the forms of individual variation in which Mr. Krutch, for example, finds much of the best in our lives. What is your point of view about that? Do you fear such an eventuality?

MR. SKINNER: I have done too much talking; I will say one thing and then stop. These cultures arise, and in the cultures certain things are accepted as good, if you like to put it that way. There are certain cultural practices.

Many of them arise for purely superstitious reasons, accidents. Some cultures, because they have these practices in them, become exceedingly powerful. Moses comes down from the mountain with a set of commandments which generate, in part, a culture which is extremely productive over a couple of thousand years or more.

Other cultures have some flaw. Their practices are not so effective. Now, so far as the man in the culture is concerned, he accepts the good or bad in his culture as part of his training, and nothing else.

But as far as the culture is concerned, it all depends upon what that set of practices does in making the most of the manpower in it in competition with other cultures.

MR. BRINTON: As far as I can see in the record of the advancement of civilization, the tendency toward variation, toward what I call multanimity is the one that has paid off. We have had two wars against totalitarians, and we have won both of them.

MR. KRUTCH: And again both cultures against which we have waged war have been cultures which had developed further than we have the arts of applying experimental knowledge about human reaction to their populations.

MR. HAYDN: This is a question—

MR. BRINTON: Except in the field of commercial advertising.

Laughter.

MR. KRUTCH: Perhaps, and to give a direct answer to Mr. Haydn's question, it seems to me that the less intelligent, the less individual, and the less well-educated any individual is, the more easily he is controlled by these techniques. Therefore, the perfection of these techniques will tend to increase the power and influence of these unintelligent, uneducated people, at the expense of the heretic or simply the informed, independent and intelligent person.

MR. BRINTON: Yes, but meanwhile what happens to the people who are doing the directing? Don't they lack the stimulation? Isn't that really the point that one can believe, at least, is happening in Russia today?

MR. KRUTCH: They become victims of their own techniques. I think that is true, yes.

MR. SKINNER: You are implying though that the exceptionally intelligent individual rises up above control, that he is beyond control.

MR. KRUTCH: Not that he is free from it, necessarily. I would not hope for that, but that he responds less completely and less dependently; that your exceptions to the statistical averages are most likely to be in the superior kind of person.

MR. SKINNER: Then the culture which produces a large number of these superior people—and let us suppose it can produce them as a controlled bit of engineering—will therefore be a much more successful culture than, let us say, a slave culture which controls by brute force.

MR. KRUTCH: Now you are getting to the point where some group at the top decides: We will have a certain proportion of A's, a certain proportion of B's, a certain proportion of C's.

MR. SKINNER: I am simply comparing

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the effectiveness of two cultures, one of which generates that kind of human behavior, and the other which generates a subservient group. The subservient group is obviously not going to be as effective.

MR. KRUTCH: Won't we agree that the society which has the larger proportion of heretics (which we seem to have chosen as a term) will be the society in which the conclusions of the social scientists are least dependable? That is to say, it will be the society in which it will be most difficult to say that a given individual will follow the curve of the statistical average.

MR. SKINNER: In our present state of knowledge—well, it seems to me that you are trying to avoid the implications by assuming that some people are beyond the reach of the social sciences.

MR. KRUTCH: I do not believe that every person is forever completely beyond their reach. I do believe that certain persons have a larger field within which their reactions are unpredictable. In other words, I am taking my stand on the assumption that the human being is not completely determined, and that people differ in the degree to which they are capable of—well, shall we call it free will? And that just insofar as a person is capable of free will, to that extent he is unpredictable. That is stating my position openly enough, so that it is easily attackable by those persons who reject completely my premise; but I think I am willing to take my stand just there, and to state that I do believe that to some extent, and in some areas, the human being is autonomous.

MR. BRINTON: Or at least, to go way back to the Darwinian theory of evolution, the way in which we can make profitable as well as unprofitable variations now is no longer purely biological, but one which is cultural—or something other, if you like.

MR. KRUTCH: Yes, any attempt to control, including the world attempt, must inevitably set a standard of human excellence beyond which it cannot try to go. No one can will a person superior to what the one who does the willing already is. It puts a ceiling on human progress.

MR. BRINTON: Yes, that is the trouble with the philosopher-king. I suspect that Mr. Skinner is still nourishing the hope of the philosopher-king.

MR. SKINNER: I would include, for example, educators as people who are attempting to control human behavior. That does not mean that the teacher tries to control the specific action of his pupil, but merely to control the kind of behavior that the pupil will admit in the presence of problems. He may solve problems that the teacher does not even know about, but I do not think this is lifting yourself by the bootstraps. I think this is a natural kind of growth.

MR. KRUTCH: I do not think that the teacher will ever accept progress if the pupil is superior, far beyond him. If the pupil goes very far beyond the teacher, he simply ascends out of his field of vision.

MR. HAYDN: Would any of you care to make—I don't want to say a last comment.

MR. SKINNER: I have made several last comments already.

MR. HAYDN: Would you like to say another word or two, Mr. Kroeber? You haven't said anything for a while.

MR. KROEBER: No, I don't think I have anything to add. I hope you get a story out of it.

MR. BRINTON: Yes, I should like to see what it turns out to be.

MR. HAYDN: I thank you all very much.

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The Reader Replies

THE READER REPLIES *regularly carries miscellaneous comments by readers on various articles which have appeared in the magazine. All communications should be addressed to: The Editor,* THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, *Phi Beta Kappa Hall, Williamsburg, Va., and should not exceed 300 words in length except on request. Because of limitations of space, the editors cannot guarantee to print all letters received. Letters intended for publication in the Summer number should be mailed before March 20.*—Editor.

Realism and the Intellectual

Mrs. Lynd's "Realism and the Intellectual in a Time of Crisis" in the Winter number of the SCHOLAR is a brilliant piece of analysis. Its indictment of the contemporary mentality and its implications for those of us who like to think of ourselves as "scholars" and "intellectuals" are devastating.

One might only wish that the article could have as wide a circulation as the many contributions of today's scholars and intellectuals to the more "popular" periodicals. In times when such intellectuals rush to the defense of any action of the present administration, when they can without shame prostitute their talents for an issue of *Collier's* dedicated to a Third World War, it is refreshing and hopeful to read Mrs. Lynd's intelligent article.

In America the role of the intellectual has traditionally been that of the critic of society and culture. For the intellectual now to desert this place in our life, to abdicate from his position of responsibility, will, in the end, prove fatal to him and to the country he believes he is defending.

Much thanks to THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR for allowing Mrs. Lynd to remind us all again of the proper function of the intellectual in any time, and especially in a time of crisis.

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The Twentieth Anniversary Number

I have been a subscriber to and an enthusiastic reader of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR ever since its inception. As I do not like writing letters, this is the first communication I have ever addressed to the editor. However, the outstanding excellence of the twentieth anniversary number should not pass unnoticed. The two articles "If Anybody Wants to Know" and "Do You Know the Nature of an Oath" are tremendously important and significant coming at this period of witch-hunting and persecution of liberal thought by irresponsible members of the U. S. Senate. I feel proud and happy that THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR is taking a firm stand in favor of our basic civil liberties: free speech and free thought.

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The Cosmic Card Game

If anyone *could* be so unkind as to berate our American scholars for their odd want of humor, certainly he would need no better evidence to prove the point than those embarrassingly straight-faced criticisms of the "Cosmic Card Game." Whatever did become of that fine old prerogative of the gods to laugh at one another?

Granting, even, that the humor of the

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piece wore all too thin in places, and that the attack upon a certain group seemed the least bit—wicked, shall we say?—still, it seems hardly fair to accuse Mr. Kyd (that melancholy Bane) of an unholy desire not merely to dig up W. Shakespeare's bones, but to rearrange them in the profane shape of T. S. Eliot. What the potshot once was to Kentucky stalwarts, the parody has been to the literati of all times. Surely by now it deserves popular sanction—not to say recognition. In fact, if we let our memories thrash about for a bit, we are apt to recall that Our Bard Himself was no mean parodist—as good Euphuists well knew. And while we are at it, why conclude that the blast was meant solely to rock the halls of the New Criticism? A mere defense mechanism, this: Heaven knows that we have all, at one time or another, struggled through just such displays of academic hyperthyroidism, untainted by the least suspicion of being either New (*horribile dictu*) or Critical.

As for the possibilities inherent in Mr. Kyd's name, one must agree that there probably are a few. After all, a journal boasting so distinguished a contributor as R. W. Emerson, *secundus*, is certainly capable of attracting a mere quadricentenarian like Thomas Kyd.

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Television: How Bad Can It Be?

Despite useful consideration of larger issues in the communications field, "Television: How Bad Can It Be?" does not effectively answer—or even present—its own question. An existent abysmal level of programming is almost taken for granted—but undocumented generalization will not prove the case to a viewer who will take the trouble to find desirable programs. Constructive criticism of the industry, especially of policy-making and creative workers, is necessary, not a general indictment. Gutenberg's invention does not turn a linotype operator into a Shakespeare.

Educators may serve their ultimate interest best by concentrating upon development of suitable program material, rather than wasting energy in a frustrating battle for channel allocations. Commercial stations are in the market for the best quality programs that may be available—if they can draw an adequate audience. Television, as noted, is a mass communication art—and may not appeal to a too restricted audience, however worthy. Nor should the academic mind be afraid of a commercially sponsored program. An unofficial reluctance to welcome the Ford Foundation gift, in striking contrast to the reception given endowments for other purposes, may be the product of a petty jealousy blindly seeking possible future station channels, rather than embracing present opportunities. The reverse happens to be indicated in very healthy fashion in my own city, whose three stations almost do battle to secure educational programs—interestingly and competitively different from the local universities (Michigan, Wayne, Detroit).

The author cites figures, presumably supporting the "poverty of programming," which may or may not indicate a desirable balance. Constructive planning rather than meaningless arithmetic is called for. Is 25 per cent too much for "drama"? What is the optimum division of time? Video's historical status today is comparable to radio in 1925, the movies in 1900—and, contrary to the author's view, the quality has improved in these mass arts since that time.

The glamor of television has unfortunately obscured the possibilities of FM radio, and it has become of comparatively slight significance because of the paucity of receivers. Commercially, it has become, through dual programming, the captive of AM radio. A few educational and labor stations remain, to indicate a possible solution to the desire of educators and others to reach special audiences. The things that radio, AM and FM alike, can do best—serious music, informed news, some specialized dramas, debate and argumentative talks—to which the listener may give concentrated attention, undistracted by the physical presence of the camera, or lecture or concert hall—should be left to radio,

(Continued on page 246)

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..... Under Whatever Sky .....

IRWIN EDMAN

The Letter Impossible to Write

It happens over and over again. The letter from a friend has gone unanswered for months. Finally one sits down to reply to it.

The first page is filled with all the reasons why one has not written sooner. There were the pressures of duties, and midwinter grippe; there were family obligations; there was recurrent fatigue, when it was impossible to do one more thing than what one *had* to do, when above all it was impossible to write a letter.

All is true, especially the last. But the fatigue, the busyness, the obligations are not quite the reason; and what the true reason is, it is almost impossible to say, although vaguely one knows. The real mystery is not why one has not written sooner, but why on this particular day, a busy one, it is suddenly so easy to write, why all the blocks and difficulties have disappeared, why the pen or typewriter moves so easily, why there is a new note in one's consciousness, a new ribbon in the typewriter. The fact is that writing a letter to an old friend involves all sorts of decisions in one's private psyche. A letter is a commitment; and for months, perhaps secretly, one did not know what in one's life one was committed to, what counted, what one wished to talk about, what hopes and fears one wanted to avow; what progress, if any, one could report.

Yet a change in the wind and weather in the soul—and everything becomes extraordinarily fluent. The old friend who had—how ashamed one is to admit it—come to seem not only geographically far away, suddenly seems close and vivid. It is as easy to write as if one were talking to him. It is natural to tell him what one has been doing and what one has planned. Everything one has had in common with him comes to mind, and one pours out at last the unfrozen soul. This letter, one says to oneself, could have been written months ago. Everything in it was written long ago in essence. It wasn't. But how is it that a quirk of spirit or of circumstance should make it so easy to do now?

"Dear So and So [the letter begins]:

"I must apologize for not having written sooner. It has been a very busy winter, and I hardly had a moment to myself, and when evening came, I found it impossible to do one extra thing, even to write a letter, even to you."

The apology goes on for a whole page. But the correspondent will probably begin on page two anyway. He has read this first page before, many times. He skips to the heart of the matter.

Body and Soul

It is exasperating (as I have often found abroad) to find oneself in a room just a little too cold for comfort. For a time one does not notice it; the preoccupation, loosely called spiritual, of reading or writing enables one to ignore for just so long the chill that possesses one's feet, one's fingers, and soon pervades and half paralyzes the whole body. If it were only the body, it would not be so exasperating. But the irritation comes from realizing the abject surrender one must make to nature, the shameful abdication of that free spirit which is the dream of the philosopher and the poet. Surely a drop of ten degrees in temperature ought not to make all that difference. Just half an hour ago the spirit had been soaring; new horizons were opening up, nuances of perception coming to awareness. Perhaps it was Gogol's *Dead Souls*, with the urbane scalawag, Tchichikov, hurtling about in his chaise over all the wonderfully Dickensian scenes of Russian estates in the early nineteenth century. Perhaps one was just lighting upon some splendid new hypothesis or some exquisite new phrase. Perhaps a point in metaphysics long troublesome suddenly had become so clear it seemed fatuous not to have thought of it before. All that is vanished now, telescoped into nothingness. Only one sovereign theme pre-

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occupies the spirit: the ever intense discomfort of the gradually freezing body.

Sometimes, again, one has long, deep, melancholy thoughts about the futility of life, its vast boredom, the intrusion of daily detail. Dark thoughts run back to Schopenhauer and Ecclesiastes. How sound they were! Then a glass of sherry, a cup of tea, and the whole perspective changes! How cheerful and ultimately reasonable the world seems. And how humiliating it is suddenly to realize that it is the cup of tea, the glass of sherry, that has changed the whole moral landscape, bathed it in a new and gracious light.

There are, I know, philosophers who argue that it is the beginning, perhaps the last, word in wisdom to recognize that the spirit is a function of the body, that moods vary with the circulation of the blood, that food and drink effect in everyone the miracle of transubstantiation. Generally I agree with those philosophers. But there are times when the humiliation of it is what most impresses me. A drop in temperature can contract, can cancel all the brave rovings of the imagination; a cup of tea change the face of all existence. No wonder Socrates suggests hopefully in the *Phaedo* that death is a release from those bondages, the pains and pleasures of the body. But before death there is no such emancipation, as anyone knows well who has ever spent a rainy day in the country in a cold room or tried to hear or invent a brave music in the damp chill of London in November.

Le Dernier Cri in New England Inns

"Welcome to Unspoiled Vermont" said the doilies on the tables in the country restaurant, and later on the road a poster announced "a real old fashioned New England Inn." Still later, another sign announced a hotel that was the last word in modernity. There is the reiterated appeal to passions that appear contradictory, but are not really so: the wistfulness for the past, the eagerness for the future. It is not surprising to find in the same living room the most functional of modern furniture with the most functionless of antiques, andirons without a fireplace, hurricane lamps in the windless calm of a courtyard city apartment.

The passion for the past or for the future is synthetic, often enough, and the fruit of commercial propaganda. But the propaganda would not get very far without a basis in genuine human appeal. If snugness, intimacy, leisure have gone out of the world, at least it seems as if one might surround oneself with its symbols or its former apparatus, and re-evoke the past in effigy. The revived passion for Victorian antiques (only twenty years ago known as horrors) is parallel to the ardor for a vanished past in that remote era of whose very complacency we have become jealous, especially as it becomes clear that our ancestors had something to be complacent about.

But it is natural, too, to hunger for the future, to wish the latest magic, the newest miracle of convenience. The toaster that times itself and butters both sides of the toast, the razor blade that slips automatically from the packet to the razor, the door that opens to an electric eye—all these are cherishable. Even more delightful are the chairs and tables that have no nonsense about excess curves and gratuitous decorations, the building façades that are all steel and glass, the mechanisms of life that remind us we are here today in a world composed of all new shining materials of wonderful strength, or equally wonderful flexibility, and of equally magical transmutability: clothes spun out of glass, cereals made out of oil, plates made out of plastic.

Who says we can't have the best of both worlds? In the troubled present we can, in our own living rooms, let our eyes rest on the curves of the past, on the angles of the future, and be at once anachronistically, precociously at peace.

"And Dances with the Daffodils"

It is all very well for Wordsworth, who had that "inward eye, which is the bliss of solitude." But it is a gift not given to all of us. W. H. Hudson could manage it. One of the most touching passages in his *Far Away and Long Ago* tells of those days in his old age in poverty and in winter in London, when he was able to evoke for

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his own happiness images of the blue of the Argentine sky and the wide green of its pampas. Rupert Brooke, homesick in 1912 Munich, could imagine the church clock in Granchester at ten to three, and ask, knowing full well what the delicious answer would be, "Is there honey still for tea?" He could see, plain and heartbreakingly close, the unregulated English rose. Browning, nostalgic even in Italy, could imagine what it was like to be in England, now that April's there.

Well, one does the best one can. But, if the truth be told, how often one fails to imagine, to picture successfully the lost world of one's youth, the mountains of Western Ireland, where one had once had an enraptured week, or Sicily, or Provence. One names the names, utters the correct adjectives and nouns to describe the blue of the sea off the cape of Sunion in Greece; the clear outlines of the coast near Antibes; the freshness, the radiance of a May day in England; the aftermaths of soft Septembers anywhere. But on a rainy day in early Fall, on a chilly afternoon in March, in New York, one tries and tries in vain.

There is a tonic in remembering, one is told. Recalled sunlight transfigures the black morning, remembered happiness—but have not poets told us a sorrow's Crown of Sorrows is remembering happier things? No. Rather, it is in *not* being able to remember them so clearly, so vividly that the lovely memory erases the dull present. A sorrow's crown of sorrows is *not* being quite able to remember happier things. It is a sorrow's crown of happiness to be able to recall them. But the daffodils will not dance with everybody's heart. They pick a few, choice people like Wordsworth.

Periphrasis

There comes a point in one's familiarity with a foreign language when one is quite proud of oneself. One has used it for serious purposes with serious people. One has learned to order one's thoughts in it as well as one's dinner. One uses it, or one imagines one does, quite as if it were one's native tongue. Once recently, I found myself experiencing some of these satisfying sentiments, with a pride mingled of a sense of virtuosity, of cosmopolitanism, and the ingenuity that goes into crossword puzzles or parlor tricks. For two hours, I had been speaking in French to an audience of other professional philosophers. One of those hours had been a lecture, the second a discussion. With the greatest fluency I had said about what I should have said in English, and with the greatest and glibbest promptness replied to the elegantly phrased, elegantly organized questions of my French colleagues. Once as a high school sophomore, in love with the French language, I had dreamed of being able to do something like this; and here, I thought to myself afterwards, I have done it.

But even while I was doing it I realized that I hadn't, quite. How often during the lecture, during the questions, I had by a quick-thinking gambit found a word instead of falling into a pause. But I knew half a dozen times that it was not the word I wanted. And the *mot juste* that I at times thought I had—how much less sure I was that I had it than if I had been speaking in English.

Reflecting morbidly on these points when I was seated in the nearest café, I began to comfort myself with a rather cold comfort. Discourse, I said to myself, is always a defeat by circumlocution. How facilely people say that they are facile in their own tongue. The word is always ready in one's own language, but it is some word, any word; it is a compromise and a careless desperation. It is an illusion to believe that one speaks one's native tongue with precision, exactness and beauty, that one says precisely what one meant to say—or that anyone can. Discourse is notoriously suspect among scrupulous philosophers. It always has been. On the whole, I thought to myself smugly, it takes a Frenchman of genius to do himself justice in French. On the whole I did not do too badly—at any rate, not much worse than I should have done in English. And any stupidities of thought the audience must surely have set down to imperfections in my French or in their understanding of it.

I felt much better.

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. . . . . *The Revolving Bookstand* . . . . . .

Evocation of Brownsville

A WALKER IN THE CITY. By Alfred Kazin. Drawings by Marvin Bileck. *New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1951. 176 pp. $3.00.*

Reviewed by EDMUND FULLER

Certain locations have a way of concentrating within themselves such intensity, or such range, of life experience that a literature springs up around them. In a national literature is embedded the regional; in the regional is embedded the local, as in the case of cities. Most intense of all these distillations is that which centers upon a district or a neighborhood. Thus, New York has a literature of the Bowery, and one of Greenwich Village, as entities; Paris, of the Left Bank; London, of Limehouse.

In the last twenty years a distinct literature has begun to grow around the dismal, poverty-haunted, crime-raddled neighborhood of Brownsville, in Brooklyn. It includes the rather mechanically naturalistic *Amboy Dukes*, and successor volumes, by Irving Shulman, the latest being the nonfiction, *Murder, Incorporated*. Best of the novels, so far, is David Dortort's brilliant *Burial of the Fruit*.

This new literature of Brownsville is capped and transformed by a tenderly conceived, superbly executed remembrance offered to us by Alfred Kazin. *A Walker in the City* is much more than *the* book about Brownsville; it is one of the greatest American rememberings that has been set down for us. It is important Americana—far, far more important than the once-touted, essentially vulgar success story of Edward Bok. This boy, growing up in an immigrant family, amid talk of *der heym,* which had been the Poland of pogroms and terrorism, became a distinguished interpreter of American literature "on native grounds."

Mr. Kazin emerges—completely to my surprise, for you can almost count on one finger the critics who so emerge—Mr. Kazin emerges as the poet-artist whose miracle it is to distil beauty from the hideous. He is not blind to the "realism" of Brownsville; he knows that each of its boys treads a delicate path, a slip from which can mean a plunge into the criminal class. Yet the touch of transformation is imparted to these vivid evocations of sight, sound, smell and taste, as we receive them, filtered through the wonder and the soul-hunger of a clean young spirit and a creative young mind.

Nothing but a reading of *A Walker in the City* can give you its true qualities. It is a sustained poem. The Brownsville of Alfred Kazin is "that road which every other road in my life has had to cross." With return to it, "an instant rage comes over me, mixed with dread and some unexpected tenderness." Between it and the city are the domains of the *alrightniks*, those who have risen, who are "doing all right." Beyond it is the neighborhood of New Lots, "where the city goes back to the marsh, and even the subway ends."

This is the Brownsville "in which there grew up how many schoolteachers, city accountants, rabbis, cancer specialists, functionaries of the revolution, and strong-arm men for Murder, Inc." It is where the eleven-year-old Alfred, with little volumes of *The World's Greatest Selected Short Stories* as oblations, paid court to a small girl with the name of a prophetess in Israel.

In school, he tells us, "I worked on a hairline between triumph and catastrophe." I am moved by the portrait of this earnest, troubled, sensitive boy, the house painter's son, reading on the streets, the fire escapes, the subways, the roof. In class he was a stammerer—"the word was my agony"—

EDMUND FULLER, editor, novelist and critic, has recently published *George Bernard Shaw: Critic of Western Morale,* and edited *Journey into the Self*, a collection of the letters, papers and journals of Leo Stein.

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practicing with a mouthful of pebbles, like Demosthenes—going in humiliation to a speech clinic.

The tender family bond is one of the beauties of the book. How universal for those of us who are of an age and temperament with him, are the themes of emerging artistic tastes and perceptions, however remote the backgrounds. His evocation of the family spell of Caruso sent me back to my own records, that I might exclaim all over, with the elder Kazin: "Oh, that Italyéner! What a power he has! That Italyéner!"

He celebrates the "togetherness" of the family on Sabbath eve. We see the wonderful mother, in her kitchen dressmaking workshop, speaking to her son from the window, of "the winter sun dying in the fabrics"—"Alfred, see how beautiful!" Or saying of little superstitious precautions, when Alfred's examinations were pending, "What harm can it do? It may calm God down." Or saying to the insistent, searching questions of a boy, his repeated why? why? "Alfred, what do you want of us poor Jews!"

An extraordinary passage, coming after his background in the shabby Dugschitz synagogue, records his half-guilty discovery of the New Testament, and of his own, secret "Yeshua." We see, too, the revelations of politics, of intellectual search, beating upon a young mind. These are the fruits harvested when he "had at last opened the great trunk of forgotten time."

You will find, here, the molding of the critic who produced *On Native Grounds*. More important is the discovery of the artist who has produced *A Walker in the City*. It is the testament of an incorruptible spirit—a rare human being. It has greatness in it. I think it will last.

The Application of Christianity

ON BEING NEGRO IN AMERICA. By J. Saunders Redding. *Indianapolis and New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1951. 156 pp. $3.00.*

Reviewed by WORTH TUTTLE HEDDEN

Here in a few hours' reading time is an expert diagnosis of the cultural disease white Americans call "the Negro problem." It is made by a victim who is seeking an understanding of the malady as it affects him, and it is submitted by a writer whose prose is as clean and incisive as a surgical knife and as connotative as a good sonnet. "I have been clothed with no authority to speak for others," Mr. Redding says, "and what I have to say can be final only for myself." But if the mark of genius in the arts be the ability to reveal myriad hearts and minds through the plumbing of one's own experience, then all other straight-thinking intellectuals among fifteen million Americans epidermically different from the rest of us, no doubt respond to the "very personal" impact of being Negro in America much as Mr. Redding has responded. They too are forced to live on two planes of awareness, encumbered with a double ego, compelled to react twice to a single externality—normally at the dictate of the essentially human, abnormally according to the accumulated consciousness of their Negroness. They too must be "sickened at the realization of the primal energy that goes undeflected and unrefined into the sheer business of living as a Negro in the United States"; and knowing the uselessness of all the speciously recommended quack remedies, must turn, it would seem, to the ideal of complete integration in the nation's life as the only cure.

Integration, Mr. Redding declares for himself, "is not a principle that I arrived at through intellection. I felt my way to it, just as some men, in spite of obstructing experience, feel their way to ideals of honesty, sobriety and continence. It was rather like the action of one who kicks and splashes frantically to save himself from drowning and suddenly finds that he has reached a shelf on which he can stand in the river bed."

In his teens young Redding could find no haven in religion—in established de-

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WORTH TUTTLE HEDDEN was at one time secretary of the Virginia Bureau of Vocations for Women. She is the author of *Wives of High Pasture*, *The Other Room* and the forthcoming *Love Is A Wound.*

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By LAWRANCE THOMPSON. The author argues that Melville, seeking to disguise his agonized conviction of the cruelty and malice of God, consistently satirized Christian doctrine by resorting to literary deceptions that could simultaneously satirize and hoodwink his orthodox readers. This bold challenge to the conventional interpretation of Melville is brilliantly presented and fully supported by external and internal evidence in such a way as to reveal a sinister intent in all of the major narratives from *Typee* through *Billy Budd.*

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nominational religion. Ready for college, his shoulders already drooping under the emotional impedimenta all human adolescents carry, he assumed an extra burden with his father's reminder that he was a Negro and must "do twice as much twice better" than his white classmates to uphold his race. Though teetering "on the extreme left flank of democracy" throughout his freshman year, he could not accept the panacea Communist agents so unctuously proffered. But he was confused and showed it, he says, "in childish exasperation at the way in which they pointed out every failure, every instance of corruption and discrimination and injustice, and how these affected . . . the Negro. The inference was plain that in the 'omnicompetent state' . . . these things would not be. But when I pressed for proof . . . the intellectual leaders of the cell withdrew into taunts and challenges and were not percipient enough to see how dangerously they threatened my self-esteem. The idea of democracy was not itself particularly dear to me then, but I resented the doubts cast on my inherited assumptions about it. If anything, I resented democracy for leaving me and itself so defenseless." He hated the Communists for putting him on the defensive, felt frustrated that he had no answers for their basically weak arguments, and after five meetings was through with them and all their works. (Communists were not through with him, however. Losing him as student recruit, they followed his trail as professional man and converged on him as author, promising to make a best seller—as, they claimed, they had made Howard Fast and Richard Wright —if he would but sign the card.)

Other "shelves" of refuge to which sympathetic Southern writers and other magnanimous white segregationalists point, and to which many confused Negro intellectuals cling, Mr. Redding's inherent logic refuses: that of the gradualists who feel that eventually everything will work out for the colored citizen's benefit; of the race chauvinists who advocate a self-sustaining economic, social and cultural island with no fears of a destructive typhoon from the surrounding white sea; of the educationists who believe that ever-increasing intellectual competence will win respect and fair treatment; of the individualists who believe that each man should work out for himself compromises that will bring self-fulfillment. Negating the efficacy of each of these platforms, Mr. Redding spots the contradictions and conflicts common to all of them; and he finds no solution in laws and government which can be perverted and which at most "say what cannot be done but do not necessarily encourage what should be done." He returns to integration as the only cure he can recommend for that "deep sickness in the American mind and spirit which threatens to infect democracy itself and render it impotent as an ideal," and he foresees effective treatment only in the genuine social application of essential Christianity—"a way of life in which the dignity and brotherhood of man is the first principle"—substituting "the authority of Christ's insight for that of all ecclesiastical dogma."

Such a revival of essential Christianity will have to be initiated in the kindergarten (I would say in the cradle) if "the psychic traumas that bedevil American man" are ever to be healed. "It does not serve merely to shrug one's shoulders and carp . . ." Mr. Redding says:

> At least it did not do seven years ago, when my elder son was eight . . . and now that my younger is almost seven, it still will not do. Argument does not exactly serve either, although I think I argue for something eminently sane. It is simplicity. I argue the substitution of spontaneous, instinctive responses for the deliberate responses based . . . on unchanging ideas and ideals. It seems to me that the old rules—evoked . . . out of the utmost confusion of morality and special expedience, and deliberate ignorance . . . are not only unnecessarily complicated for modern times and people, but that they are progressively unsuitable to modern ways of living. . . . Make the rules simple enough and we can play the hardest game.

Because adults have complicated the rules, Mr. Redding was an eye witness of his seven-year-old Reggie's realization that he was "nigger" in America—a shock perhaps experienced by thousands of Negro

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children, unwitnessed and unrecorded. Mr. Redding may not be aware of the poignancy of such a story simply told, but if those less than eight pages could be reprinted in *The Reader's Digest*, included in all anthologies of best short stories of the year, dramatized for the movies and television, the substitution for which he argues so eloquently might be the sooner popularized, the sooner implemented.

Greatness in the Making

JEFFERSON AND THE RIGHTS OF MAN. Volume II of *Jefferson and His Time*. By Dumas Malone. *Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 1951. 523 pp. $6.*

Reviewed by
FRANCIS COLEMAN ROSENBERGER

Of all the great Americans, Jefferson speaks most clearly to us today. Throughout his life, in eloquent public and private papers over more than half a century, his concern was with the basic and continuing problems of a democratic society. This is a fact so inescapable that it has forced itself upon his most grudging admirers. Henry Adams, whose perception was so limited that he could write that Jefferson's knowledge was superficial, that ridicule of his opinions was easy, and that he seldom wrote a page without exposing himself to attack, nevertheless recognized that "Jefferson aspired beyond the ambition of a nationality, and embraced in his view the whole future of man."

The tremendous stature of Jefferson has been increasingly recognized in our own time. Abraham Lincoln saw that "The principles of Jefferson are the definitions and axioms of free society"; and it is when those definitions and axioms are denied, when free society is challenged, that Jefferson's timeless statement of them is seen to have a renewed and immediate significance. Franklin Roosevelt came very near the heart of the matter when he said: "Generations which understand each other across the distances of history are the generations united by a common experience and a common cause. Jefferson, across a hundred and fifty years of time, is closer by much to living men than many of our leaders of the years between."

The full significance of Jefferson for our time, his significance for free men in any age when freedom is challenged, is being illuminated by great new enterprises of Jefferson scholarship.

There has never been a comprehensive collection of Jefferson's writings. Now, in *The Papers of Thomas Jefferson*, the monumental and meticulously edited Princeton project, planned under the able direction of Julian Boyd to run to more than fifty volumes, the first five of which are in print, the work is being done in a fashion as nearly definitive as is possible with the enormous scholarly resources of our century. (How odd the strictures of Henry Adams seem in the face of the massive evidence.)

There has not been for nearly a century, since the three volumes of Henry S. Randall's *The Life of Thomas Jefferson* were published in 1858, any biography of Jefferson by one whose exploration of the sea of Jefferson material has been such as to warrant a claim to comprehensiveness for his work. Now, in addition to such other new biographies as Nathan Schachner's, and a number of valuable studies of aspects of Jefferson, two multi-volume biographies are in progress: Marie Kimball's, three volumes of which have been published, taking her story of Jefferson to the year 1789; and Dumas Malone's.

With the publication of *Jefferson and the Rights of Man*, the second volume of Dumas Malone's *Jefferson and His Time*, it becomes abundantly evident that here is in the making one of the great biographies in English. For here is a twentieth century biography which promises to be altogether worthy of that most contemporary figure of the eighteenth century.

If, when Malone's initial volume, *Jefferson the Virginian*, was published in 1948, there was any lingering question in the

✪ Virginia lawyer and writer, FRANCIS COLEMAN ROSENBERGER is preparing a *Jefferson Reader: An Anthology of Writings About Thomas Jefferson*. He is a frequent contributor of reviews to the New York *Herald Tribune Book Review*.

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mind of the reader as to whether the qualities there exhibited—Malone's impeccable scholarship, his lucid style, his perfect control of a highly complex subject—could be sustained throughout a work of the scope of his projected biography, the second volume, in some ways more rewarding than the first, leaves little room for doubt.

Malone's first volume followed Jefferson through the first 41 years of his life, providing the most comprehensive—but not merely the most comprehensive, but the most balanced, the most judicious—account of those decades, of Jefferson's youth and education, the shaping of his mind, his authorship of the Declaration of Independence, his revision of the laws of Virginia, his years as war governor of Virginia, ending with the close of the Revolution and Jefferson's departure for France in 1784.

As Malone then saw the outlines of his finished biography, there would be four volumes in all, with the second taking Jefferson to 1801 and his election as President. But Jefferson's immensely rich and varied life imposes its own requirements upon the telling. Malone, hewing strictly to his announced purposes for his biography, "that it shall be comprehensive, that it shall relate Jefferson's career to his age, and that it shall be true to his own chronology," has revised his outline accordingly. *Jefferson and the Rights of Man* covers half the proposed period, and follows Jefferson through the absorbing years of his mission to France, his return to the United States to become Washington's Secretary of State, and in the first headlong collision of his principles with those of Hamilton. It is now certain that the finished biography will run, at least, to five volumes.

In *Jefferson and the Rights of Man* we see Jefferson, through Malone's creative scholarship, as a living man in his own time, in the Paris and Versailles of Louis XVI, the London of George III, in the New York and Washington of President Washington. And seeing him in his own time, we begin to see his full significance for ours. It is, in what Malone names as "the thread of consistency which runs through his entire career," Jefferson's "eternal faith in the rights of men to rule themselves and his undying hostility to any sort of despotism."

Passion and Manners

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF LA ROCHEFOUCAULD. By Morris Bishop. *Ithaca, N. Y.: Cornell University Press. 1951. 282 pp. $3.75.*

Reviewed by Louis Simpson

A lady of the court of Louis XIV had a doll's house constructed for the four-year-old Duc du Maine:

> The little Duke was represented by a wax figure seated in a chair, holding out a poem to La Rochefoucauld. His governess, Madame Scarron, destined to be Madame de Maintenon and wife of Louis XIV, stood behind her charge. Bossuet in his bishop's robes conversed with the Prince de Marcillac. Madame de La Fayette and Madame de Thianges read poetry together. In the foreground Boileau, with Racine by his side, made a welcoming gesture to La Fontaine, while with a pitchfork in his other hand he kept at bay a group of bad poets. A banner identified the room as the *Chambre du Sublime.*

To support this reputation, held during the great age of French literature, La Rochefoucauld is represented by some few hundred *Maxims*, his *Memoirs*, and a share in the writing of the *Princess of Cleves.* Perhaps the Duke would not have thought it worthwhile to make for himself a claim to literary importance, and the reader who is not French may be inclined to accept him at his own rating, as an amateur. Yet his supreme elegance has passed into the lore of common men. Faced with a sudden reversal of his fortunes, La Rochefoucauld once quipped: "Everything happens in France," and the *aperçu* has sustained waiters and washwomen in their catastrophes.

The apparent cynicism of the *Maxims*, which assume vanity to be the spring of

---

✪ LOUIS SIMPSON is an assistant editor at the Bobbs-Merrill Company. His first book of poems, *The Arrivistes*, was published in 1949.

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all ambitions, is the more striking in that their author was a man of varied experience. It is easy to ignore a cloistered cynicism. But La Rochefoucauld stands a little before us among great events, and as we come abreast he welcomes us with cordial politeness: "So you wish to move in great circles, to gain the favors of a beautiful woman, to see a fine battle? Well, hope, deceptive as it is, at least serves to lead us to the end of our lives by an agreeable path." The world is scarcely grateful for such chilling comments.

Morris Bishop's *Life and Adventures of La Rochefoucauld* is the biography of a man who behaved like a Dumas hero. The La Rochefoucaulds had inherited considerable property in the west country; our hero's father made himself visible at court, and obtained the title of *duc à brevet*, that is, a duke but not officially so. The ratification of deferred honors, rather than the piling on of further honors, was to be the rather ludicrous occupation of his son; it should scarcely be called ambition. The family had a reputation for dying "sword in hand, fighting for the faith, though the faith might change from time to time." Young François' education, it seems, was largely out of a romance, *Andrée*, a tale of shepherds and shepherdesses, in which Love was considered as the principle and end of everything, and women were dominant. Married at an early age for convenience, the boy could hardly wait to go to court and fall in love.

The court of Louis XIII and Anne of Austria, the dictatorship of Cardinal Richelieu, the Regency and intriguing of Cardinal Mazarin, the Wars of the Fronde, and the accession of Louis XIV—these furnished the stages on which La Rochefoucauld would play out his own *Andrée*.

Professor Bishop has explained these political imbroglios as simply as possible. The modern reader of history, prepared for economic or ethical influences, may be perplexed by the motivations of the partisanships of 1650. A Dumas novel is no more fantastic. These men would take their lives in their hands in order to be called honorable and to please women. The most violent events were set in motion by personal tastes. Because Cardinal Retz made a slighting remark, La Rochefoucauld hated the man bitterly; during a riot in the Parlement, the Duke trapped the Cardinal's head between two sliding doors and pleaded with the onlookers to stab him; in their old ages, all honor spent or obtained, the Duke and the Cardinal chatted merrily together. Then there was the behavior of Madame de Chevreuse, who intrigued incessantly against the crown, and carried out an escape in boy's disguise, riding ninety-two miles, ("unused to the harsh chafe of breeches against leather.") She was not cured of intrigue by this punishment; on another occasion she escaped disguised as a sailor. One can account for this only by surmising that at the court of Louis XIII the ladies were bored. In this light, Louis XIV's encouragement of the theater and dance seems to have been a measure of prudence; perhaps the successful centralization of government in France was due to the entertainment at Versailles.

La Rochefoucauld was frequently involved in plot and counterplot. At first he was the chevalier of Madame de Chevreuse (she of the chafing breeches), and therefore supported her friend, Queen Anne. Later, enjoying the caresses of Madame de Longueville, he lent his sword to her brother, the Prince of Condé, in the Wars of the Fronde. La Rochefoucauld seemed always to fail. His irresolution became notorious, and one observer regretted that the Duke, gifted to be a model courtier, had attempted to be a politician also. The vanity which the *Maxims* ascribe to the human race, their creator had ample opportunity to find in himself. His most resolute anger was caused by Mazarin's procrastination in granting the Duchess de la Rochefoucauld the right to sit down at court. As Professor Bishop puts it, the stool was always being proferred beneath the Duchess, and withdrawn at the critical moment. But, if we do not leave our passions, they leave us, and in the battle fought outside Paris between Condé, for Parlement, and Turenne, for the King, La Rochefoucauld received a terrible wound which relegated him to

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scribbling and to immortality.

This biography suffers from only one fault in construction. To insert the maxims at frequent intervals in the story insinuates that La Rochefoucauld conceived them at the time. The relevance, moreover, is not always clear, and the reader feels tripped in full tilt; after a while, he grows wary.

In his works, as in his life, La Rochefoucauld seems to have known his limits. If this prevents him from capturing the imagination on the highest level, as it prevented him from touching the summit of worldly success, there is left to his credit a painstaking perfection of manners. If manners may be equated with wisdom, he was one of the wisest of men. But the clarity, the organization, the "classicism" of the Duke's mind was the counterpart of a passionate and uncertain spirit. His life remains a brilliant and still unresolved paradox—although Professor Bishop presents its various aspects with great clarity.

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(Continued from page 227)

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HAVILAND F. REVES
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Reply to Mr. Viereck

Five times, at staggered intervals, I have read Peter Viereck's reply to my denunciation of blatant obscurantism in verse, and my painful conviction is that, as controversialist, he can be unfair, can distort meanings—and, when hard pressed, hit a wee bit below the belt.

First, he is unfair in charging that my criticism was leveled against the "undue length of poetry commentaries." He is too smart not to know that my indignation was directed against pure and unadulterated obfuscation in verse, evidenced by his contribution, "Like a Sitting Breeze." Second, he is ridiculously unfair in the following: "Note his praise of no post-Homer poet except Masefield. How about Edgar Guest? No danger of puzzling 'magic' there." The clear insinuation that I would reduce poetry to the "Mary had a little lamb" level is really ludicrous. At least twenty years before Peter Viereck had outgrown diapers I was expounding to university students the difficult poetry of John Donne, and others of the so-called "metaphysical" school, and of course that of Meredith and Browning. Third, he is insultingly unfair in the sentence: "Mr. Rice's letter (the philistine's revenge) almost justifies the most extreme claims of the New Critics. It almost converts the reader to obscurity and crossword puzzles." A *philistine*, forsooth! If the professor could step into my private library of 3000 volumes and dip into the hundreds of books that have been my chart and compass for half a century and more, he would have to conclude that if I am a *philistine*, on the strength of "Like a Sitting Breeze" he is a juggling mountebank. If

(Continued on page 248)

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(Continued from page 246)

Peter Viereck had had the "guts" to admit that in writing those enigmatic lines he was really throwing a sop to the Cerberus of obfuscation while trying to put over a fast one on a gullible public, I should have a higher regard for him as controversialist.

LABAN LACY RICE
Ware Neck, Virginia

New Racial Order

A few words of comment on Anne Bauer's article, "South Africa's New Racial Order," in the Winter, 1951-1952, issue of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR. Miss Bauer begins by remarking that the racist laws of South Africa constitute "legislation for which no precedent can be found in the twentieth century, with the possible exception of Hitlerian Germany."

Miss Bauer, and the editors of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, should know that the racist legislators of Hitler Germany acknowledged their indebtedness to the laws of the United States. She and they should know that Federal laws as applied to immigration, naturalization, the military, the District of Columbia, the Canal Zone, the Pacific Islands, Alaska, etc., are racist to the core, and that city and state laws, especially in the South but by no means confined to that area, are saturated with a degree of racism not surpassed by Hitler or Malan.

HERBERT APTHEKER
1015 Washington Avenue
Brooklyn, New York

Advice to Mr. Barzun

In current usage a scholar is one who knows something and writes about it; a writer is one who can sell what he writes. In his "Retort Circumstantial" (THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, Summer, 1951), Jacques Barzun, both scholar and writer (footnote p. 289), chooses to set himself up as a writer in opposition to the scholar, a rather enthusiastic scholar, Donald J. Lloyd.

As to the specific question, *uninterested* vs. *disinterested,* and the specific evidence,

(Continued on page 250)

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(Continued from page 248)

the *O. E. D.* and his own petulant uncertainty about an impresario's attitude toward art, it is Mr. Barzun who hasn't a leg to stand on. The volume of the *O. E. D.* in which Mr. Barzun found his meaning and must have seen the atypical gloss on *disinterested*, "now always Unbiased by personal interest," was published in 1897, the latest citation—1865. Would Mr. Barzun have American English of 1951 fixed by primarily British usage of 1865? Why not 1767, when, according to the *O. E. D.*, Junius was *disinterested*, i.e., uninterested, and Cowper was *uninterested*, i.e., distinterested? And what if the impresario had been said to be *not interested*, or even *interested?*

Much more important, Mr. Barzun is right in saying, "I, as a writer, am his [Mr. Lloyd's] source, his document, his *raison d'être*." Mr. Barzun will have what influence he may have on English usage because he writes as he does, unambiguously and brilliantly, not because he enters into controversy in a field where his knowledge is insufficient to keep him from talking nonsense. If Dean Swift had any influence in ousting *pozz* and *hipps* from the language (*rep*, *phiz* and *plenipo* survive, if without dignity), he did it by example and not by polemic. Let Mr. Barzun distinguish between *uninterested* and *disinterested* when he is writing—and do it quietly.

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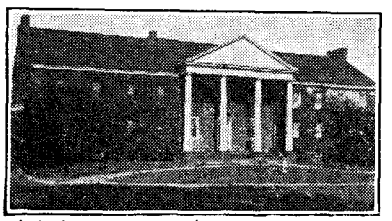

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